

THE ANNALS OF IOWA.

A HISTORICAL QUARTERLY.

Volume Two---Third Series.

EDITED BY

CHARLES ALDRICH, A. M.,

Curator and Secretary of the Historical Department of Iowa; Corresponding Member
of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin; Corresponding Member of the
Minnesota Historical Society; Corresponding Member of the
Washington State Historical Society; and One of the
Founders of the American Ornithologists' Union.

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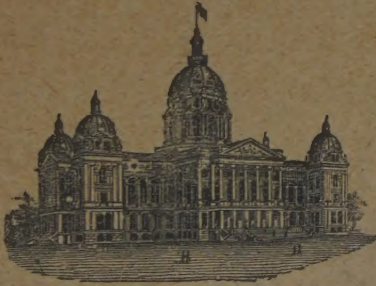
THIRD SERIES.

VOL. II. NO. 1.

APRIL, 1895.

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DES MOINES, IOWA.

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ANNALS OF IOWA.

Vol. II. No. 1. DES MOINES, IOWA, APRIL, 1895. THIRD SERIES.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN M. CORSE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM SALTER, D. D.

(First Paper.)

John Murray Corse was born April 27, 1835, in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. The Corse family were of French Huguenot stock, originally from the island of Corsica.

John Lockwood Corse, the father of General Corse, was a native of Dover, Delaware, and was born March 5, 1813; he was the son of Hanson Corse, and grandson of Captain John Corse, a soldier of the Revolution. He learned the carriage making business in Philadelphia, where he married Sarah, daughter of John Murray, whose family was related to that of John Marshall, Chief Justice U. S. She was a woman of superior worth, blending grace and strength of character in fine proportions. Soon after their marriage they removed to Pittsburg, Penn., where their son was born. They subsequently resided in St. Louis, Mo., and Belleville, Ill., and in 1842 came to Burlington, Iowa Territory, where Mr. Corse was a prominent citizen all his life. He was a man of industry, enterprise and public spirit, and was engaged for many years in the book and stationery business. Enjoying the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens, he was six times chosen mayor of the city, viz: in 1845, 1846, 1856, 1857, 1866 and 1867, and also served several years as one

of the aldermen. He was representative from Des Moines county in the Second General Assembly of the State 1848-50, and in the Fifth General Assembly, 1854-56. A warm personal friend of the Hon. A. C. Dodge, United States Senator from Iowa, that gentleman, in 1853, secured an appointment to the United States Military Academy for his son, then eighteen years old.

Mr. James Love, now of Berkeley, California, gives the following reminiscences:

I first knew the General as a boy in 1852, his father bought Mr. J. F. Abraham's bookstore in the spring of that year. He was a handsome boy; we roomed together for awhile over the store. He had been employed at J. F. Tallant's drug store, and his recollections of the business were not alluring, preparing unsavory tinctures, grinding paints, pounding the heavy iron mortar, or spending hours in the cellar mixing putty. He liked the book business, was fond of study, and said that reading fiction seemed a waste of time. He had a large self-esteem, would make speeches before a glass, wrinkle his brow, practice gesture, and told me more than once that he hoped to become prominent in politics. His father was much of a politician, familiar with public men and measures, an ardent democrat, as John was all his life.

At West Point young Corse gave especial attention to mathematical studies and artillery practice, and won proficiency in training and drill. But a cadet's life was not wholly congenial, and after nearly two years at the Academy he resigned, and was employed as clerk and afterwards as partner in his father's business. The following year, December 23, 1856, he was married to Miss Ellen Edwards Prince. They had been pupils together in the school of Mr. David S. Sheldon, a superior teacher, who was afterwards a professor in Iowa College and Griswold College at Davenport. She was a niece of Mrs. Edwards, whose husband, James G. Edwards, was the founder of the "Hawk Eye." She had been brought up in his family, and had been a student in the Monticello Seminary, near Alton, Ill., and a teacher in the North Hill public school in Burlington. A lady of native refine-

ment and grace, she combined the quick intuition of a gifted mind with sweet reasonableness of temper and judgment, and made an ideal home in the dignity and repose which her bright and pure spirit enshrined within it.

Subsequently Mr. Corse was in partnership in a land office agency with Mr. A. T. Hay, since famous for his invention of the "Hay Steel." In 1859 he served as one of the school directors of Burlington, and took an interest in raising the standard of public education. He read law in the office of C. Ben Darwin, and attended lectures at the Albany Law School, N. Y., and on the 17th of April, 1861, was admitted to the bar of Des Moines county.

In the political agitation that followed the repeal of the Missouri-Compromise Mr. Corse was an ardent supporter of the policy and measures advocated by Stephen A. Douglas. He was nominated by the State Democratic Convention upon the Douglas ticket for the office of Secretary of State, in the presidential election of 1860; but the vote of Iowa went to Mr. Lincoln, and the republican candidates for state offices were elected.

Upon the outbreak of the rebellion Burlington was in a blaze of excitement. Two military companies were at once organized in that city. They were enlisted for three months. They left Burlington on the 7th of May for the seat of war in Missouri, and bore a brave part in the battle of Wilson's Creek on the 10th day of August, fighting after their term of enlistment had expired. Meanwhile young Corse had offered his services to the War Department at Washington. In the month of June he issued the following advertisement:

FLYING ARTILLERY.

I am authorized by the War Department to organize "a mounted battery for service during the war."

I want one hundred and fifty active, tough, and intelligent men: Seventy-five for drivers, seventy-five for cannoneers, artificers, buglers, etc.

JOHN M. CORSE.

This proved to be the nucleus of the First Battery, Iowa Light Artillery, which was mustered into service at Burlington on the 17th of August, and was famous for its valor at the battle of Pea Ridge, and in many other engagements under the command of Captain Henry H. Griffith.

At the same time three regiments of infantry were rendezvousing at Burlington. They were wanted for immediate service in the field, and much solicitude was felt for their efficient organization. In company with Mr. T. W. Barhydt, now president of the Merchant's National bank of Burlington, Mr. Corse visited Governor Kirkwood, at Des Moines, who appointed him Major of the Sixth Iowa. The regiment was mustered into the service of the United States on the 17th of July, and embarked on the 3d of August for Keokuk, where a detachment of the regiment was at once sent to reinforce Colonel Moore at Athens, Mo., who had been attacked by a rebel band under Colonel Martin Green. The rebels, however, had been defeated before the arrival of the detachment upon the scene. That was the first Union victory of the war.

The people of Missouri were divided in sentiment; a majority were loyal, but the "secesh" were more noisy and spirited. In addition to the regularly organized rebel forces, bands of guerillas and bushwhackers roamed in every direction, waylaying the friends of the Union, plundering their homes, and obstructing the movements of Union troops by burning bridges, destroying railroads, and wrecking trains. During the fall of 1861 the regiment was employed in guard and garrison duty at railroad bridges, and at Jefferson City, Tipton, Sedalia, and other places, and was with General Fremont in his rapid march from Tipton to Springfield the last days of October. From December 14, 1861, to February 1, 1862, Major Corse was provost-marshal at La Mine Cantonment, and subsequently served as Inspector-general on the staff of

General Pope, for three months, first in the district of central Missouri, and afterwards in the Army of the Mississippi. During the winter the regiment was on garrison duty, six companies at Tipton, four companies at Syracuse. Soon after the capture of Fort Donelson, February 15, 1862, the regiment was ordered to St. Louis, and thence by steamer to Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee. Meanwhile Major Corse served with General Pope in his energetic and victorious campaign against New Madrid and Island No. Ten, and had charge of the over six thousand prisoners that were captured. After proceeding down the Mississippi with the object of attacking Fort Pillow, General Pope's army was withdrawn at a point seven miles above the Fort under orders to reinforce General Halleck at Corinth. While these events were transpiring, the Sixth Iowa was at Shiloh in the thickest of the fight on the first day of the battle, April 6, 1862, where this regiment held the extreme right of Sherman's advance line near a bridge over Owl creek, and held the position till all support had been driven back, when it retired through a murderous fire, still fronting the enemy, and dealing upon him heavy blows. Of the 650 men of this regiment who went into the engagement, the casualties were: 64 killed, 100 wounded, 47 missing.

Major Corse arrived at Pittsburg Landing with the army of General Pope on the 22d of April. General Pope took part in the siege of Corinth, where the enemy was strongly intrenched under Beauregard. Soon after the battle of Farmington, a small town four miles east of Corinth, May 9, 1862, Major Corse was relieved of staff duty, at the request of General Sherman, and promoted May 21st, Lieutenant-Colonel, and given command of his regiment. Referring to that occasion years afterwards in a letter to an old comrade, he said:

Never shall I forget the warm welcome you gave me on my return from Pope's staff, the day Sherman was drilling you on the Shiloh field.

My joy was only tempered by the thought how many brave men had but a few days before laid down their lives for the great cause. That was a gallant fight at Shiloh, and how proud we were that the Sixth held its own that livelong day and was part of the little band that saved Grant's army.

After the evacuation of Corinth by the rebels, May 29th, the Sixth Iowa was sent with a detachment of the army on a reconnaissance in northern parts of the state of Mississippi. Near Coldwater it had a skirmish with rebel cavalry under Forest, July 2d. From Holly Springs the regiment marched to Memphis, reaching that city July 24th, and was employed in guard duty during the rest of the summer and most of the fall.

In November the regiment marched with the forces under General Grant in pursuance of the plan he had then formed to move overland upon Vicksburg. The movement proved unsuccessful, and was abandoned for one by the river.

Lieutenant-Colonel Corse was promoted Colonel on the 29th of March, 1863. During the siege of Vicksburg the regiment occupied a position at Haines' Bluff, upon the Yazoo river, ready to keep off any rebel force that might appear in that direction, or to assist the invading army at any point needing assistance.

Immediately upon the surrender of Vicksburg the Sixth Iowa moved with the expeditionary army of General Sherman in search of the rebel army under General J. E. Johnston. The regiment crossed the Big Black river July 6th, supported the Forty-eighth Illinois in driving the rebels from Queen's Hill on the 7th, and marched to within four miles of Jackson on the 8th and 9th, where the enemy was strongly entrenched. Colonel Corse was placed in command of the skirmishers of the First Division, Sixteenth Army Corps. In reporting their operations, he says:

I was ordered to move on the enemy's works along our entire front for the purpose of ascertaining the strength and position of their batteries."

After describing the disposition he made of his troops consisting of the Sixth Iowa, Fortieth and Forty-eighth Illinois, Ninth-seventy Indiana, and Forty-sixth Ohio, and describing the heroic services of the four last named regiments, he continues:

I assumed command of the line formed by the Sixth Iowa Infantry, and at the designated signal the men dashed forward with a shout, met the line of the enemy's skirmishers and pickets, drove them back, capturing eighteen or twenty, and killing as many more; clearing the timber, they marched out into the open field, across the railroad, over the fence, up a gentle slope, across the crest, down into the enemy's line, when two field batteries of four guns each, fronting west, opened a terrific cannonade. The enemy were driven from two pieces at the point of the bayonet, our men literally running them down. In rear of the batteries were two regiments, and at our approach they opened fire, causing most of the casualties in this regiment. With such impetuosity did the line go through the field that the enemy, so completely stunned were they, would have fled had they not been reassured by a large gun battery nearly six hundred yards to our right, which enfiladed the railroad line of skirmishers. Startled at this unexpected obstacle, which was now in full play, throwing its whirlwind of grape and canister about us until the corn fell as if by an invisible reaper, I ordered the bugler to sound the "lie down." The entire line fell in the corn rows, and I had the opportunity to look around, knowing my men were safe. On my right, across the railroad, the enemy had a battery of three guns. To my right and front I saw two more guns projecting through embrasures in direct range, and in my front was a field battery of four guns, from two of which the gunners had fled, and my men were lying around them. In their rear I saw two flags and a line of men, I supposed about two regiments. On my left was another field battery and another line of men.

To pass through the batteries, cross the regiments in our front, ascend the hill and get inside their main works was more than I could accomplish with the slender, yet gallant line lying on my left and right. Feeling that I had obtained all the information I could I ordered the "rise up" and "retreat," which was done in the most admirable manner under the fire of at least three regiments and seven guns, three of these enfilading my line. But few of those who had so gallantly charged the battery got back. I cannot speak in too extravagant terms of the officers and men of the Sixth Iowa on this occasion. They obeyed my commands with a promptness and rapidity I could hardly have expected from them on a parade. If they challenged my praise at the impetuosity of their advance, they awakened my admiration at the coolness with which they retired, returning the incessant firing of the enemy as they slowly fell back.

The general commanding the division issued the following congratulatory order:

HEADQUARTERS 1ST DIVISION 16TH A. C., IN FRONT OF JACKSON, MISS.,

July 16, 1863.

COLONEL CORSE, Commanding Sixth Iowa Infantry:

The valor of your noble regiment has been conspicuous, even amidst the universal good conduct that has marked the operations of all the troops of the First Division during our advance upon Jackson, and since our arrival here.

I cannot too highly commend the gallantry you have displayed in the successive charges you have made. The true heart swells with emotions of pride in contemplating the heroism of those who, in their country's cause charge forward under the iron hail of half a dozen rebel batteries and exposed to a murderous fire of musketry from behind strong entrenchments, capture prisoners under their very guns.

Such has been the glorious conduct of the Sixth Iowa this morning; and those who shared your dangers and emulate your valor will join me in tendering to you and the brave men under your command my warmest thanks and most hearty congratulations.

Most truly yours,

WILLIAM SOOY SMITH,

Brig. Gen. Commanding First Div., Sixteenth Army Corps.

The enemy evacuated Jackson the following night, and the Union forces occupied the city the next day. During the month of August Colonel Corse was stationed at Oak Ridge, to scour the country on the northeast of Vicksburg, and guard against raids by the enemy's cavalry, who were hovering about Black river. "Don't collect cotton," said General Sherman, "unless it is in your way; don't make it the object of an expedition." He was authorized to supply destitute families with necessary provisions, and also to organize a batch of negroes who collected around him into a kind of outlying picket. Writing in a vein of pleasantry to General McPherson, in command at Vicksburg, a few weeks later, General Sherman said:

There are about one hundred negroes fit for service enrolled under the command of the venerable George Washington, who, mounted on a sprained horse, his hat plumed with the ostrich feather, his full belly girt with a stout belt from which hangs a terrible cleaver, and fol-



W. F. Sherman
General

lowed by his trusty orderly on foot, makes an army on your flank that ought to give you every assurance of safety from that exposed quarter. Should, however, the "secesh" be rash enough to gobble up that picket I still think we could survive the loss, for behind them is General Buckland's picket of four companies.

On the 11th of August, Colonel Corse was appointed Brigadier-General, on the 21st took command of the Fourth Brigade, Fourth Division, Fifteenth Army Corps, and on the 1st of September took temporary command of the Fourth Division, as intimated in the following from General Sherman:

SHERMAN'S HEADQUARTERS, }
August 30, 1863. }

COLONEL CORSE, Oak Ridge:

I send this morning for the two prisoners claiming to belong to Pinson's regiment. I contend the confederates must uniform their combatants, else the non-combatants must suffer all the legitimate fruits of the war.

My orders are out for the merging of your brigade with the Second and Third of the Fourth Division, and as soon after the 1st of September as Buckland can relieve you by a brigade you will take command at Messinger's.

SHERMAN.

The Fourth Division at this time consisted of the following troops: 6th Iowa, 26th, 40th, 48th, 90th, 103d, Illinois, 15th Michigan, 12th, 97th, 99th, 100th Indiana, 46th, 53d, 70th Ohio, and companies F and I 1st Illinois Light Artillery, with Cogswell battery, Illinois Artillery. Pursuant to orders from General Grant, September 28, the Fourth Division moved to Vicksburg for transportation to Memphis. To facilitate transportation the First Brigade was employed to haul wood for the use of the steam boats to the river bank at Griffith's Landing. Low water impeded navigation. October 10th General Sherman wrote General Halleck from Memphis:

My Fourth Division is not all up yet, and in consequence of the constant interruption of the railroads I will cause it to march all the way, relieving it of baggage by the railroad. Every mile of the railroad, save a few fortified points, can be cut by the enemy any night. The enemy is vastly superior to us in cavalry who retire before us, but come back the instant possession is withdrawn.

The next day General Sherman and staff left Memphis by rail with a small battalion of regulars. Eight miles out they passed Corse's division on the march. At Collierville, twenty-four miles out, they found General Chalmers with his rebel cavalry demanding the surrender of the post. General Sherman got his men off the cars in time, and sent messages to hurry forward Corse's division. Afterwards the rebels cut the wires, tore up rails, opened with artillery, and knocked to pieces the locomotive and some of the cars. Fighting continued for three or four hours, when "we observed," says General Sherman in his Memoirs, "signs of drawing off, which I attributed to the rapid approach of Corse's Division, which arrived about dark, having marched the whole distance from Memphis on the double quick." General Corse, on hearing the distant roar of guns and guessing the cause, had directed his men to strip themselves of blankets and knapsacks. His movements are explained in the following dispatches:

GERMANTOWN, October 11, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL HURLBURT, Memphis:

I have just loaded a battery and a regiment on the train you sent, and started three regiments and another battery by the road to Collierville. As fast as the balance of the command arrives they will push on to Collierville.

CORSE,

Brigadier-General.

SHERMAN TO HURLBURT.

COLLIERVILLE, October 12, 12:00 M.

It was the trains from Corinth that came down this way to La Fayette, but turned back on hearing the firing and spread the report that I was gobbled up. General Corse is here with one Brigade, and his other Brigades close at hand. I think I will try and make Chalmers feel he cannot attack us unpunished. We gave him more than he expected yesterday, and will try to treat him so that he will remember it as long as he lives. All well with us now.

SHERMAN TO HURLBURT.

LA FAYETTE, October 12.

Arrived here safe, several trains here from the east; will push them forward at once, road all appears clear. To-morrow will be a

good day to load the trains with forage and rations, and send to us. Sent General Corse's Division (at 11 o'clock) to Mt. Pleasant: he will be there to-night, and swing around to La Grange or Saulsbury.

SHERMAN TO HURLBURT.

LA GRANGE, October 12, 3:30 p. m.

I advised you two days before I left that the true move was for you to send a brigade to Byhalia, and I understood that it was done. I cannot turn Corse back to Byhalia. I must move my division forward to the Tennessee river at once.

Circular Orders Brigadier-General Corse, Headquarters Fourth Division, Fifteenth Army Corps:

COLLIERVILLE, TENN., October 12.

This command will move immediately on the Mt. Pleasant road, the Third Brigade in advance, the Second Brigade in the center.

The division train will go between the Second and First Brigade.

The First Brigade will follow in rear of Division and furnish necessary guards for division train.

Colonel Cockerill, commanding Third Brigade, will throw out flankers and skirmishers, and take all necessary caution against surprises, and will camp at or near Mt. Pleasant, wherever water can be had.

MT. PLEASANT, Miss., October 12, 1863.

This command will move on the La Grange road. The Second Brigade in advance will clear the road by daylight. The First Brigade will follow thirty minutes after. The Third Brigade will close up the rear, taking charge of division train and furnish a strong guard.

The attention of brigade commanders is called to the necessity of using every precaution to prevent the indiscriminate firing that characterized the conduct of the troops this day.

SHERMAN TO GENERAL OSTERHAUS, IUKA.

CORINTH, October 13.

I am now here. Chalmers attacked me at Collierville, but I repulsed him. Corse's Division marched from Memphis same day, and hearing the enemy's cannon hurried, and the leading Brigade reached me at dark, after the enemy was gone. I sent the whole Division in pursuit, and I hear they had fighting last night and this morning at Mt. Pleasant.

SHERMAN TO GENERAL CARR, LA GRANGE.

OCTOBER 13.

The Division I send out from Collierville is a splendid one; and I feel certain if it catches Chalmers it will give him all he wants.

CORSE TO SHERMAN.

SAULSBURY, October 14, 1863.

In consequence of the rain I cannot make Corinth before day after to-morrow: roads very slippery. Division all right. Spooner is with me with three of his regiments. The other two are with Sweeney.

SHERMAN TO CORSE, SAULSBURY.

CORINTH, October 15.

All right; come along in good order, and without too much haste.

CORSE TO SHERMAN.

POCAHONTAS, October 15.

The roads are execrable. Troops much wearied, but I will try and force three brigades into Corinth by to-morrow night. The rear brigade in charge of the Division train will have to remain here to-night, as the bridges across Muddy are very bad.

CORSE TO SHERMAN.

POCAHONTAS, October 15, 4:00 P. M.

After the most arduous labor I have got Spooner across the Muddy, and he will camp across the Hatchie to-night. Cockerill will camp on this side: it will be impossible to get Hicks and Loomis across the Muddy to-night. Three little bridges on the causeway over the Muddy is the occasion of all the trouble. The bridge across the Hatchie at Davis' is destroyed. Hence why I cross here.

SHERMAN TO CORSE, POCAHONTAS.

CORINTH, October 15.

Don't fatigue your men. There is no urgent necessity for your arrival here to-morrow. Keep all in good order, and make the march according to the road and weather. We are at work ahead, and can put in the time by pushing forward our stores to Iuka.

CORSE TO SHERMAN.

POCAHONTAS, October 16.

Spooner crossed last night. I ordered him to go to Corinth to-day. Cockerill crossed this morning early, and one of his wagons broke the bridge. I have just got it repaired. Hicks is now crossing. Loomis will cross soon, and we will all be in to-morrow. I will wait till the last is over.

SHERMAN TO MAJOR-GENERAL HURLBURT, MEMPHIS.

CORINTH, October 18

Corse got here last night.

Headquarters 15th Army Corps:

IUKA, October 20, 1863.

General Ewing, commanding 4th Division will take command of all matters in and near Iuka. (The Division halted at Iuka for a week and partly built a fort.)

He will dispatch General Corse with one regiment and three days' rations, in wagons, to Eastport to reconnoiter, and with instructions to collect forage and meat; to find and collect at Eastport all boats in and near the mouth of Bear Creek, and secure them for our future use. At or before the end of three days General Corse will report to these headquarters the result of his observations.

By order of

MAJOR-GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL EWING TO MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN.

Headquarters 4th Division 15th A. C., Department and Army of the Tennessee:

WATERLOO, Alabama, October 28, 11:00 a. m.

I crossed here last night with Cockerill's Brigade: I move with it immediately to Gravelly Spring where Corse promises to close on us this evening. To-morrow at daylight I will move with the two Brigades to Florence, and at dark start a messenger to General Grant. The passage of the Tennessee proves more tedious than anticipated.

EWING TO SHERMAN.

Headquarters 4th Division, 15th A. C.:

ELK RIVER, November 5, 1863.

The river is not fordable for loaded teams, but will be by morning. Corse has found a lower ford, which I will try, but doubt if we can get our wagons over this evening. I have ordered Corse to strip his infantry and wade them over with two days' rations, and can put them into Athens by the hour designated, 9:00 a. m. to-morrow.

EWING TO SHERMAN.

Headquarters in the Field 4th Division, 15th A. C.:

TRENTON, Ga., November 18, 1863.

The head of my column reached here at 10:00 a. m. I have camped the rear Brigade on the mountain overlooking the town; Cockerill and Corse in town. We threw a few shells at some cavalry, who retreated down stream. Distance by the route we came, Gordon's Mills, 23 miles: road steep and good. I have sent down to communicate with Hooker's pickets. Should have been here last night, but waited for rear to close up.

On the 15th and 16th of November General Sherman conferred with General Grant at Chattanooga, and was assigned his part in the coming drama. His command was to make a lodgment on the terminus of Missionary Ridge, where the enemy under General Bragg was strongly fortified, but first a demonstration was to be made against Lookout Mountain near Trenton. The latter movement was a feint to distract the attention of the enemy by creating the impression that Lookout was to be attacked from the south. General Sherman ordered Ewing's division, to which this work was assigned, to be prepared to turn quickly, and follow him to Chattanooga.

The "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion" afford a graphic account of the march of events. They are contemporary documents, which are always the most reliable materials for the making of history. The following extracts are from Series I. Vol. 31. Part 2—Reports:

On the 18th (November) Cockerill's Brigade, followed by that of Corse, descended and drove out the enemy. Two Brigades of Stevenson's Division, under General Brown, came down Lookout by the Nickajack trace and threatened us, but marched back at dusk.—General Ewing, p. 630.

SHERMAN TO EWING.

BRIDGEPORT, November 18.

The Fifteenth Corps is destined for Chattanooga for offense, but an object is gained by threatening Trenton, as though this corps meditated to attack the enemy on Lookout by ascending at Trenton; but as soon as the other Divisions have passed Whiteside's I will send you order quietly to retire and follow the other Divisions. In the meantime act as though you were the head of a strong column waiting for the rear to close up. By this device the enemy will strengthen that flank and weaken the other, of which we propose to take advantage. Do what you can to accomplish this end, using the head of your column, but leaving the rear at the head of the mountain by which you descend to Trenton, and make plenty of fires on the mountain, as though a heavy force were collecting behind you. Be ready to reverse your column to move via Whiteside's and Wauhatchie, to Chattanooga.—p. 584.

EWING TO SHERMAN.

TRENTON, Ga., November 19, 11:00 a. m.

Loomis built extensive fires on the edge of the mountain last night.

which showed well. Corse camped above town, looking up the valley. p. 584.

EWING TO CORSE.

TRENTON, Ga., November 19.

You will take position near Johnson's Crook Gap, sending a detachment to show its head on the top of Lookout Mountain, and a second, half way up the ascent, both to demonstrate by fires, chopping, etc., taking care not to be cut off. Your main force with the artillery front up stream, covering your communications with Trenton and your detachment. Feel well in all directions with mounted men, and fall back on the 1st brigade (Loomis') if necessary.—p. 585.

On the 19th Corse moved up the valley 15 miles, drove the 9th Virginia through Johnson's Crook, up and over Lookout Mountain, leaving a strong detachment, the 6th Iowa and 46th Ohio, on the summit, and camping his main force in the valley. At night extensive fires were built at the two gaps on Raccoon, on Lookout, in the Crook, in the old camp of Corse and the camps of Loomis and Cockerill.

On the 20th the 4th Tennessee Cavalry ascended from McLemore's Cove to drive the Union troops from the mountain. General Corse charged them with forty mounted infantry, led by Captain Nunn, supported by infantry, and drove them beyond their camps in the Cove, inflicting a heavy loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, and capturing arms, horses and equipage.—pp. 630, 631, 638.

GRANT TO SHERMAN, BRIDGEPORT, ALA.

CHATTANOOGA, November 20, 1863.

To-morrow morning I had first set for your attack. I see now it cannot possibly be made then, but can you not get up for the following morning? Order Ewing down immediately, fixing his time for starting so that the roads and bridges will be full all the time. I see no necessity for his moving by a circuitous route, but you can bring him as you deem proper, reflecting that time is of vast importance to us now that the enemy is undeceived as to our move up to Trenton.

EWING TO SHERMAN.

TRENTON, Ga., November 20.

Our pickets camped on the summit of Lookout at Johnson's Crook Gap last night, and mounted scouts felt out over the mountain, but as far as heard from found no enemy. Corse drove a few up the mountain last evening. The enemy were watching us all day yesterday from Lookout. We have spread out boldly, and made an impression, I think, with little risk. Deserters and refugees say that our force "in the valley and back on Raccoon" is estimated at 30,000. I intended Corse

to sieze the pass boldly, but to draw back if attacked in force. I had great lines of fires on Raccoon last night, representing an army corps at least, and made a fine show in the valley.—pp. 586-7.

EWING TO CORSE.

TRENTON, Ga., November 20.

If the enemy approach in any force, draw your detachment quickly down the mountain, and, if followed, fall back on Loomis, who has orders to move to you if attacked. Our purpose is not to bring on an engagement. Keep a bright lookout in all directions. Set parties to work at once to undermine and destroy the stocks and machinery of all iron works in your vicinity, but do not burn or blow up; do it without noise.—p. 587.

EWING TO SHERMAN.

TRENTON, Ga., November 21, 12:40 a. m.

Your dispatch received. The detachments of Corse are ordered in. The Division will move at daylight with all possible dispatch. The train and rations will be promptly attended to.

SPECIAL ORDERS—GENERAL SHERMAN.

NEAR CHATTANOOGA, November 21.

Every available man fit for duty in the 15th Corps, now present, will at once be prepared for an important movement. Each man will carry a blanket or overcoat, three days' cooked rations, and as near 100 rounds of ammunition as possible including that in cartridge boxes. The camps and transportation will be left in charge of those unfit for duty. The ambulances will follow their respective divisions as far as the river, but await further orders before crossing.—pp. 588-9.

EWING TO CORSE.

TRENTON, Ga., November 21.

Call in your detachments at once, and move with your entire force at daybreak for this point. I wish you to pass here and make Wauhatchie, if possible, by night, or as near it as you can —p. 589.

General Corse left the mountain on the morning of the 21st, and marched down the valley a distance of 20 miles, the leading Brigade camping within the lines of Hooker, and the rear below Nickajack Gap. This was a very difficult march. It rained during the day and night before, swelling the mountain streams so that the men were compelled to wade in the water waist deep, and the roads were very muddy.—pp. 631-638.

GRANT TO SHERMAN. NEAR CHATTANOOGA.

CHATTANOOGA, November 22.

Owing to the late hour when Ewing will get up, if he gets up at

all to-night, and the impossibility of Wood's reaching in time to participate to-morrow. I have directed Thomas that we will delay yet another day.—p. 39.

GRANT TO MAJOR-GENERAL GEO. H. THOMAS, COMMANDING
ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., November 22.

The bridge at Brown's Ferry (at the base of Lookout) being down to-day, and the excessively bad roads since the last rain, will render it impossible for Sherman to get up either of his two remaining divisions in time for the attack to-morrow morning.—p. 40.

SHERMAN TO GRANT.

CAMP OPPOSITE CHICKAMAUGA, November 23.

I received your letter and immediately made the orders for the delay of twenty-four hours. I need not express how I felt that my troops should cause delay. But Ewing is up. No cause on earth will induce me to ask for longer delay. We will move at midnight, and I will try the Missionary Ridge to-morrow morning in the manner prescribed.—p. 41.

The 23d was spent by the chief officers in examining the plan of battle and studying the ground from the heights.

On the 24th the 15th corps crossed the Tennessee in boats at the mouth of the Chickamauga.—pp. 630-631.

GRANT TO THOMAS.

CHATTANOOGA, November 24, 1:00 p. m.

Sherman's bridge was completed at 12 m., at which time all his force was over except one division. That division was to cross immediately, when his attack would commence. Your forces should attack at the same time, and either detain a force equal to their own, or move to the left to the support of Sherman, if he should require it.—p. 43.

At 1 p. m. we marched from the river in three columns *en echelon*, the left, Gen. Morgan L. Smith; the center, Gen. John E. Smith; the right, Gen. Ewing. A light, drizzling rain prevailed, and the clouds hung low, cloaking our movements from the enemy's tower of observation on Lookout. We soon gained the foot hills, and at 3:30 p. m. we gained with no loss the desired point. We found ourselves on two high points with a deep depression between us and the one immediately over the tunnel, which was my chief objective point.—Gen. Sherman, p. 573.

On this day (24th), the position of the brigade commanded by General Corse was upon the right of the division, and numbered 920 effectives. The brigade took possession of the first range of hills in front of

Missionary Ridge with but little resistance, the enemy, some 200 or 300 strong, retiring hastily and in disorder behind his batteries on the main ridge. In the evening the enemy threw a few shots from his guns, which were soon silenced, leaving the brigade to rest for the night in quiet.—p. 636.

GRANT TO SHERMAN.

CHATTANOOGA, Nov. 24.

You will attack the enemy at the point most advantageous from your position at early dawn to-morrow morning, 25th inst.—p. 43.

The sun had hardly risen on the 24th before General Corse had completed his preparations, and his bugle sounded "the forward." The same bugler with the same bugle that sent the six hundred forward at Balaclava sounded the advance of Corse's brigade. This bugler was Jimmy Burk, of the 15th Michigan infantry. The line advanced to within about 80 yards of the intrenched position, where General Corse found a secondary crest which he gained and held. To this point he called his reserves, and asked for re-enforcements which were sent, but the space was narrow, and it was not well to crowd the men, as the enemy's artillery and musketry fire swept the approach to his position, giving the enemy great advantage. As soon as General Corse had made his preparations he assaulted, and a close, severe contest ensued, lasting more than an hour, gaining and losing ground, but never the position first obtained, from which the enemy in vain attempted to drive him. The fight raged furiously about 10 a. m. when General Corse received a severe wound (he was knocked senseless by a cannon ball that fractured his right leg above the ankle,) and was brought off the field, and the command of the brigade and of the assault at that key point devolved on that fine, young, gallant officer, Col. Walcutt, of the 46th Ohio, who filled his part manfully. He continued the contest, pressing forward at all points.

Col. Walcutt's report adds the following particulars:

At 7 a. m. Gen. Corse gave orders for the 40th Illinois, Major Hall and Companies A. F. and B. of the 103rd, Illinois, under Major Willison, to be deployed as skirmishers, with the 46th, Ohio, under my command, in reserve, for the purpose of charging the enemy intrenched on the ridge between us and Tunnel Hill. This charge the General led in person, driving the enemy before him and finally from his works to the protection of his guns on the opposite hill. After the brigade had taken position on this ridge, our eager General gave orders to charge the enemy's battery on Tunnel Hill. This charge, too, was led by our gallant General. The advance was sounded, and the several lines rushed over the brow of the hill under a terrific fire. Being in easy canister and musket range, it seemed almost impossible to withstand it, but so eager were the men to take the position that they charged through it with a fearlessness and determination that was astonishing.

In this charge our brave General fell badly wounded. Once only did the line waver, and that was when he was being borne from the field, but they were soon rallied. I must say of Gen. Corse that he is one of the bravest and best men I ever saw, and an officer of distinguished ability. He enjoys the highest confidence and respect of every man in his brigade, and that he is not dangerously wounded, and will soon return to us is our greatest satisfaction.—pp. 636-7.

GRANT TO HALLECK, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Nov. 25, 1863, 7:15 p. m

Although the battle lasted from early dawn till dark this evening, I believe I am not premature in announcing a complete victory over Bragg. Lookout Mountain top, all the rifle pits in Chattanooga Valley, and Missionary Ridge entire have been carried, and now held by us. I have no idea of finding Bragg here to-morrow.—p. 25.

President Lincoln sent, Dec. 8, 1863, a congratulatory letter to Gen. Grant. Congress voted a gold medal to him, and a resolution of thanks to him and to the officers and soldiers who fought under his command, and a resolution of thanks to Gen. Sherman and the officers and soldiers who served under him for their gallant and arduous services in marching to the relief of the Army of the Cumberland, and for their gallantry and heroism in the battle of Chattanooga, which contributed in a great degree to the success of our arms in that glorious victory.

General Corse did not recover his consciousness until the following morning, November 26, when he found himself in a hospital. In his "Personal Memiors," vol. 2, p. 77, General Grant says: "Corse, a brave and efficient commander, was badly wounded in this assault." In the course of two weeks he was removed to his home in Burlington and gradually recuperated in season to take part in the great campaign of 1864 under General Sherman.

It has been a matter of surprise that so little is known concerning Julian Dubuque, who figured largely in early Iowa. Two writers, however, have just now discovered much information concerning him, and this is promised for early publication.

HISTORICO-GEOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, FROM CASS LAKE TO LAKE ITASCA.

BY ELLIOTT COUES.

The following notes are derived mainly from observations made during my canoe voyage to the source of the Mississippi, in August and September, 1894. The article is extracted in substance from advance sheets of my new edition of Z. M. Pike's Expeditions, now in press and about to be published by Francis P. Harper, New York.

Le Haut Lac aux Cèdres Rouges of the French, Upper Red Cedar lake of the English, was so called in distinction from the one of like name much further down the Mississippi, near Aitkin. The valuable species of *Juniperus*, commonly known as "cedar" or "red cedar," is not a very abundant tree in N. Minnesota, and its prevalence about each of these lakes duplicated their designation. Pike's description of Upper Red Cedar lake is not good, and his map is so far out as to omit entirely the entrance of the Mississippi into this lake; for what he delineates as and mistook for the entrance of the main river is merely the discharge of the Turtle River chain of lakes from the Beltramanian or so-called Julian source of the Mississippi, which falls in at the extreme N. border of the lake. Thus, what Pike's text means by saying "from the entrance of the Mississippi to the strait is called six miles," is the distance from the mouth of Turtle river to the strait which divides off Pike's bay from the rest of the lake; "thence to the south end," etc., is the length of Pike's bay; the "bay at the entrance" of the supposed Mississippi, i. e., of Turtle river, means the general recess of the lake on the N.; and finally, the "large point," given as $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. "from the north side," is the point of Coleaspi or Grand island, which is almost a peninsula, and which marks off Allen's bay from the rest of the lake.

With this much by way of comment on Pike, we will look further at this interesting body of water, which I have lately crossed twice. Its first English name, after the one above given, was Lake Cassina, bestowed by Schoolcraft in 1820, in honor of Governor and General Lewis Cass (b. Exeter, N. H., Oct. 9th, 1782, d. Detroit, Mich., June 17th, 1866), leader of the expedition which made its nearest approach to the true source of the Mississippi in July of that year. Their camp was on the N. shore, close by the mouth of Turtle river, on the W. side of that mouth, directly opposite the site of the old Northwest Company's



Ellis C. C. C.

trading-house. The name "Cassina Lake" stands on Schoolcraft's map of the Cass expedition of 1820; item. "Cassina L." appears on Long's map, 1823; the adjective "Cassinian" also occurs in Schoolcraft and elsewhere; but the latter afterward clipped the name to Cass, and it has become fixed in this form—the same as that of the county later dedicated appropriately to this eminent statesman and soldier. The Schoolcraft map of 1820 also lays down the Turtle River system with approximate accuracy, and on this map was first traced the course of the Mississippi to Lake Itasca. The latter had not then received its present name, but stands as "L. Labeish," i. e., Lac La Biche, or Lac à la Biche, translating the Chippewa Omoshkos Sogiagon, and translated Elk lake in English. The main defect of the 1820 map was in laying down the Itasca source to the N. W. instead of to the S. W. of Cass lake—thus really on the line of the Turtle River source. This mistake was corrected in 1832, the year that Schoolcraft's party was guided to Lake Itasca itself by the Chippewa chief, Ozawindib or Yellow Head. Schoolcraft's nomenclature, in the main, was accepted by the greatest geographer who ever saw the source of the Mississippi, and Nicollet's example in this respect has been generally followed.

Cass is a beautiful lake, the third largest in the drainage-area of the uppermost Mississippi, being exceeded in size only by Winnibigoshish and Leech. The greatest length is nearly meridional: including Pike's bay it is $9\frac{1}{2}$ m.; the greatest breadth is almost due E. and W.: including Allen's bay it is $7\frac{1}{2}$ m. In position with reference to the 5th meridian, the range line of townships 30-31, and the line of townships 145-146, decussate at right angles in the center of the lake, just off the E. shore of Coleaspi island. The body of water thus occupies portions of four townships. In figure Cass lake is more irregular than Lake Winnibigoshish, less so than Leech lake. Pike's bay, on the S., is almost shut off from the rest of the lake by a long, narrow peninsula which stretches nearly across from E. to W., leaving but a very narrow thoroughfare. Pike's bay is of rounded form, about 3 miles in any diameter. Allen's bay, on the W., is almost equally well marked off by Coleaspi island: it is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, with an average width of over a mile, and includes two small islands, Elm and Garden. Red Cedar island lies in the S. E. part of the main body of water; but the most conspicuous feature of the lake is the island known as Grand or Coleaspi. The latter curious name is one of those verbal wind-eggs which Schoolcraft was fond of hatching; he tells us it is compounded of fragments of the names of "the three prior explorers;" and as this was in 1832, he means Cass and himself, 1820, and Pike, 1806. This island is shaped like a blacksmith's anvil: its greatest diameters, along conjugate diagonal axes, are $2\frac{3}{4}$ and $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles; aside from its horns the island would yield a square of about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles. The Chippewa village of Ozawindib, where Schoolcraft was camped July 14th and again July 15th—between which dates he went to Lake Itasca and back—was on the point of the anvil. I should advise canoeists to give this point a wide

berth; for a shoal runs far out northward, and the birch-bark may thump on a stony bottom if there is any sea. This shoal reaches out directly across the straightest traverse from the inlet to the outlet of the Mississippi. Colcaspi island is almost a peninsula in relation to the N. shore of the lake, but a canoe can generally be floated across the isthmus. I waded and dragged my boat on going up, but on returning was obliged to make a portage of a few paces, as the water had lowered. But even if it be found a carrying-place, it is the shortest and best way across the lake from the inlet of the Mississippi, either to its outlet or to the inlet of Turtle river. The latter falls in at the extreme N. of the lake, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles N. W. from the outlet of the Mississippi, in the N.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sect. 18, T. 146, R. 30. Here came David Thompson in 1798, along the usual traders' route from the Red River country, which was in part along what was then supposed to be the course of the Mississippi itself above Red Cedar lake. Here, in Roy's Northwest Company's house, on the E. or left bank, Pike came on the 12th of February, 1806, when he was at the highest point on the Mississippi he ever reached. Here were Cass and Schoolcraft in 1820: here came the Chevalier J. C. Beltrami in 1823, down this same Turtle river, from his Lake Julia, and so along the Julian source of the Mississippi. A mission once stood here; there is now an Indian village at a little distance westward. The place may be recognized at a distance by a high ridge on the right or W. bank, and on nearer approach by a stout post with historical inscriptions, erected by Hon. J. V. Brower, in August, 1894. About a mile up, Turtle river expands into a lake, called Kichi by Nicollet in 1836. No other considerable stream enters Cass lake, except the Mississippi itself. The Mississippi leaves the lake in a recess on the N. E. shore, easy to find by good land-marks: there is a clump of trees on the right of the outlet as you approach it, and a house on the first rising ground to the left. The position is in the N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sect. 21, T. 146, R. 30. From this point the river flows about E. S. E. into Lake Winnibigoshish (makes $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles of southing in $8\frac{1}{4}$ miles of easting—air line about 9 miles). * The general course is about straight, but the reciprocal bends are numerous, giving an actual course of nearly 17 miles. This is the most beautiful part of the Mississippi—good flat water and plenty of it at the lowest stages of canoeing, with a moderate current and no rapids, shoals, or snags to speak of, and good camping-places all along on the wooded points or knolls. The only tributary of this "interlaken" course of the Mississippi is from the S.,

* This comparatively short distance between Lake Cass and Lake Winnibigoshish has been grossly exaggerated by various writers. Thus, Mr. Schoolcraft once called it "45" miles, and twice spoke of it as "50" miles. Lake Winnibigoshish is much larger than Lake Cass, having an area of about 72 square miles. Besides the Mississippi, which flows into it from the West, it has three principal feeders, from the north and northwest: First or Cut Foot Sioux river; Second or Pigeon river; and Third or Brower river—the latter recently named in honor of the accomplished monographer of the Itasca basin.

about half way between Cass and Winnibigoshish: being the discharge from Horn lake (Eskabwaka lake of Owen), $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile (direct) E. of the boundary between Itasca and Beltrami counties, in the S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sect. 30, T. 146, R. 29.

The Mississippi enters Cass lake at the west end of Allen's bay, by a crooked S shaped thoroughfare about a mile long, from the next lake above. The inlet into Cass opens in the center of Sect. 29, T. 146, R. 31; the outlet from the other lake is in the northwest $\frac{1}{4}$ of the same section. So close, in fact, are the two lakes, that at two places they are only separated by a hundred yards or less. At the northern one of these short portages stands a dilapidated old chapel, once a mission-house, and other buildings are scattered about, chiefly Chippewa cabins. I could learn no name for this next lake, though it is the one Schoolcraft, in 1855, called "Andrusia." The curious way of "complimenting" President Andrew Jackson has been followed by nobody. A letter before me from Hon. J. V. Brower, Itasca State Park Commissioner, dated St. Paul, September 15th, 1894, says: "This beautiful body of water situated upon Sects. 7, 8, 17, 18, 19, 20, 29 and 30, T. 146, R. 31, 5th M., above Cass lake, and through which the Mississippi takes its course, has this day been named by me Lake Elliott Cones, as a slight recognition of your services to the public, and for the purposes of a more accurate and correct geographical description." This lake is $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles long by $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles in greatest breadth, with its long axis meridional. The Mississippi runs across its south end, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile, from west to east, the inlet being in the northwest $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sect. 30 of the same township and range as the outlet. A trader's house is situated on the north side, in a Chippewa village. A winding course of the Mississippi of 2 miles brings us to another lake—that called Pamitascodiac or Tascodiac by Schoolcraft in 1832, and Vandermaelen by Nicollet in 1836; this and Lake Elliott Cones being both designated "the Andrusian lakes" on S. Eastman's map of 1855. Lake Tascodiac is hour-glass shaped, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long by about a mile across either bulb. The Mississippi enters it at the north and leaves it at the east, the inlet and outlet being within half a mile of each other, in Sect. 25, T. 146, R. 32.

For two or three miles above Lake Tascodiac canoeing is easy, through the flat water of marsh and meadow land; but then begins the trouble which hardly intermits thence to Lake Bemidji. The canoeist may as well put on his rubber boots at the start and keep them on, for he will have to wade most of the way and drag or shove his boat through almost incessant rocky rapids, shoals and snags. My canoe drew only about three inches of water when my man and myself were overboard, yet we had great difficulty in getting along at all without portaging. Where the water is flat, it is shoal and snaggy; otherwise it is all rocks and rapids. The distance from Lake Tascodiac to Lake Bemidji is only 8 miles in an air line, but this is the chord of a considerable arc the river describes northward, which, with the minor bends around the wooded points, makes $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles of water-course. The people call it 20

miles, but that is because it is such a hard road to travel. It took me a day and a quarter to make Lake Bemidji from Lake Elliott Coues; but I did the same distance in less than one day coming down. Beltrami calls this course "Demizimaguamaguen-sibi, or River of Lake Traverse;" which reminds me to say that among the Indians each section of the Mississippi between lakes takes the name of the lake whence it flows. The Bemidji section issues from the lake of that name in the northwest $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sect. 2, T. 146, R. 33, near the middle of the east shore. This outlet is hidden in a maze of rushes, and as there is no conspicuous landmark on shore, it is not easy to find. Lake Bemidji is a large body of water, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles long north and south, by $1\frac{3}{4}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles broad, of somewhat pyriform figure, lying athwart the course of the Mississippi; whence the French name Lac Traverse, which we render Traverse, Travers and Cross lake. Schoolcraft renamed it Queen Anne's lake in 1855, but the Indian name is usually said. Among the forms of this are Pamitchi, as Schoolcraft; Pemidji, as Nicollet; also Bermiji, Permidji, etc., and with an additional element Bemejigemug, Pamajiggermug, etc. The spelling with B and not P is preferable, as first done by A. J. Hill. The north end of Lake Bemidji is only $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles from the south end of Turtle lake, so that the Julian sources may be here easily reached by portage. From the outlet as above described to the inlet is $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles, on a southwest course; for the Mississippi enters at the extreme southwest angle, in the northwest $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sect. 16, T. 146, R. 33. A short open thoroughfare of about 40 rods leads directly from Lake Bemidji into Lake Irving, so named by Schoolcraft in 1832 after Washington Irving, and still so called. This is only $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles broad by $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile long, lying chiefly in Sects. 16 and 17; the Mississippi comes directly across its short axis from south to north. The inlet is at the southeast corner of section 17. On Nicollet's published map "L. Irving" appears out of place altogether, on another stream. But this is a mere accident of cartography for which the admirable geographer is not responsible.

Three short bends and then a straight course of a mile bring us up the Mississippi to the mouth of a river from the south, to be particularly noted for several reasons. It is the largest remaining tributary of the Mississippi, and one of its sources is a lake no more than five miles from Itasca itself. This river joins the Mississippi in the southeast $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sect. 20, T. 146, R. 33. Going up it we at once fall upon the very small Lake Marquette; next, Lake La Salle (Lasale on Nicollet's map), larger and hour-glass shaped; next, Lake Plantagenet, a two-legged body of water, $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles long by $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles broad. Two of these three were named in 1832 by Schoolcraft, who also said that the largest one, was called Kubba Kunna, or Rest in the Path lake—these terms becoming Rabahkanna and Resting lake in Lieut. James Allen's report. Continuing through Lake Plantagenet and up this "Plantagenian source" of the Mississippi, as it has come to be known, we find that it forks in Sect. 21, T. 144, R. 34, at a direct distance of 7 or 8 miles from

Lake Plantagenet. The fork on our left as we go up takes us 5 or 6 miles further to Lake Naiwa, called Neway lake by Nicollet, and recently re-named Lake George. Alongside and emptying into this is Nicollet's Lake Bowditch, lately renamed Lake Paine. These two are in sections 15, 16, 22 and 21, township 143, range 34. Going up the other fork, we find in about 3 miles that it forks. The fork on our left as we go up comes north from a number of small lakes, one of them lately become known as Lake Chenowagesic; and this is probably to be considered the main course of the river we are now on. The other fork comes from the west; if we follow it up we proceed directly toward Lake Itasca, and find our stream heading in a lake which occupies portions of sections 2 and 11, township 143, range 35. This is Lake Assawa—Ossowa and Usawa of Schoolcraft, Usaw-way or Perch of Allen, Assawe of Nicollet; also Lake Alice of the Rand-McNally map (Chicago, 1894), whose compilers unfortunately and injudiciously adopted the names bestowed by a certain late disreputable adventurer. Another name this dishonest person gave this lake is Elvira. It is historically of the greatest possible interest, for from Lake Assawa did Schoolcraft's party proceed by portage to discover Lake Itasca in 1832, and from it also did Nicollet proceed by portage to Lake Itasca in 1836, and so on to discover the actual source of the Mississippi, which Schoolcraft missed in his hurry on that happy-go-lucky 13th of July. As to the name which the whole stream thus sketched should bear, there may be two opinions. Schoolcraft maps it with the legend "Plantagenian or South Fork of the Mississippi," and makes the Assawa lake fork the main source, calling the Naiwa lake fork by the name of this lake. Nicollet names the main stream R. Laplace, after the celebrated astronomer, as he did Lake Bowditch after the translator of that author's *Mécanique Celeste*; and he considers the main stream to be that middle one which comes from Lake Chenowagesic, furthest from the south (over the border of Hubbard county, in fact). This view is undoubtedly correct, and I, for one, should like to see Nicollet's designation of Laplace river stand. But the river is in fact called the Naiwa, and this current designation will probably prevail. I observe that our best maps in the present uncertainty omit any name, excepting the Rand-McNally map, which legends "Schoolcraft river," apparently after Eastman, 1855. Yellow Head is another name of this same river. Should the main stream come to be known to geographers as the Naiwa, I would suggest that its east fork be called the East Naiwa, agreeably with Schoolcraft's designation in 1832; and the other the West Naiwa.

We return from the excursion up the Naiwa or Laplace river, which forms the Plantagenian source of the Mississippi, and proceed up the Mississippi from the mouth of the Naiwa. We hold a due west course on the whole for 5½ miles in an air line, but on a zigzag, with multitudinous minor tortuosities, making the distance more than twice as far; part of the way winding among wooded points, working our way over shoals and among snags, to a point in the northwest quarter of

section 28, township 146, range 34. Here is a small tributary sometimes called Allenoga river, on our right from the north, discharging a small, crooked lake which lies mainly in sections 16 and 21. Knowing no name for this, I call it Cowhorn lake, from its shape and from the trivial circumstance of finding a horn stuck on a stake in the river. We go on through a monotonous, swampy tract of reeds, rushes, wild rice, and lily-pads, alternately approaching and receding from tamarac clumps as the river winds about, for 2½ miles further west in an air line, and more than three times that distance in actual paddling, till we reach some haying-meadows, and soon find the entrance of a notable stream on our right. This is in the northeast quarter of section 25, township 146, range 35; it is the discharge of Pinidiwin river, through a lake about a mile wide, completely filled with a fine crop of wild rice. Hence it is one of those many lakes which are called Rice, Manomin, or Monomina; but it had much better keep the distinctive name of the river which flows through it. This is a Chippewa word, which Schoolcraft translated *Carnage*; and he also called the same river *De Soto*, in one of those freaks of renaming to which he was addicted. I paddled up into Pinidiwin lake and was surprised at the volume of water it discharged, as well as at the strength of its current. But the river is a large, forked stream which drains a very extensive area north of the Mississippi. The volume of the Mississippi seems diminished nearly one-half above the mouth of the Pinidiwin.

The course up the Mississippi is now southwest to a point in the southeast quarter of section 35, township 146, range 35; where, at a bend, it receives a sizable tributary from the south. Nicollet charts this stream, but has no name for it, and I know of none that has been published excepting "*Hennepin river*," which appears on the Rand-McNally map. But the true Ojibway name of this stream is *Wakomiti*, as we are informed by the Rev. J. A. Gillilan; and this designation is adopted both by Brower and myself. *Wakomiti* river rises as far south as about the middle of township 144, range 35, and flows nearly due north. Rounding the bend here we go northwest into the middle of section 28, township 146, range 35, and turn southwest to the corner of this section, on the property of Mr. A. J. Jones, a bona fide settler and cultivator of the soil. The situation is also marked by a small creek (say Jones') which falls in hard by from the west; but it is more notable as a sort of "Great Bend" of the Mississippi; for here is the place where, our course thus far having been on the whole westward, we turn quite abruptly southward to make for Lake Itasca, distant about 14 miles as the crow flies, but at least twice as far as that by the way we paddle. It has been good flat water, with no obstructions to speak of, for many miles back; but a little distance above Jones' place we come to rocky rapids for half a mile, reminding us of our experiences below Lake Bemidji. As we proceed other obstacles offer: snags abound, the Mississippi becomes in places too shallow to float a canoe, and in others bushes begin to meet across the channel, or fallen logs re-

quire to be chopped out of the way. We pass an insignificant creek on the right, and then soon sight quite an imposing pine-clad ridge on the left. Here, in the southwest $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 19, township 145, range 35, is the mouth of a creek on the left. This is marked on Schoolcraft's map "Cano river," which stands for Canoe river; the same author also has Ocano, for Au Canot, and moreover uses the Chippewa word Chemaun. The stream appears on Eastman's map of 1855 as De Witt Clinton river. It is charted by Nicollet, without any name. It has lately been properly described by Brower as Andrus creek, and was once named La Salle river by an unscrupulous person. Above Chemaun creek, in the southeast $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 26 of the township last said, a small creek comes in on the right, at "Dutch Fred's" place. I heard a man call it Bear creek, but very likely he is the only person who ever did so. Here the Mississippi enters (or rather leaves) a haying-meadow, and within a mile receives a small creek on our left, from the south, locally known as Killpecker or Chillpecker creek. It is less than a mile hence to the house of one Searles, in the southwest $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 35, township 145, range 35. There is still visible evidence on the ground that this was the site of an old trading-post, and most probably the very spot we hear of from William Morrison, who was the first known of white men at Lake Itasca, in 1804. From this place upward to Lake Itasca the Mississippi is practically unnavigable, at least in such a low stage of water as that I found—not so much on account of the extensive rapids as from snags and brush. The distance is called 20 and even 25 miles, but I think 12 miles would cover it. The air-line distance from Searles' to Lake Itasca is just 6 miles, and though the river is tortuous, besides having a general westward curve, it can hardly be much more than twice as far as the direct distance. One creek comes in on this course, called Division creek by Brower. It falls in from the west in the southwest $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 27, township 144, range 36. A tolerable wagon-road leads from Searles' house due south to the lower end of the north arm of Lake Itasca. The distance is about seven miles by this road, which keeps on the ridge east of and some distance from the Mississippi the whole way, till it ends at the lake, close by the outlet of the river, in the southwest $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 35, township 144, range 36. It is consequently almost on the line between township 144 and township 143, which cuts the end of the north arm, and forms the northern boundary line of Itasca State Park. In this situation Mr. Brower has recently (in October, 1894) discovered the site of a prehistoric village, and collected a large number of specimens of pottery, stone implements, etc. I had the pleasure of bringing this interesting discovery to the notice of the National Geographic Society of Washington, D. C., in a lecture on the Sources of the Mississippi delivered before that learned body on the 20th of January last; and I understand that Mr. Brower's full report on the subject will soon appear.

Itasca Park, created by Act of the Minnesota Legislature, approved April 20th, 1891, is 7 miles north and south by 5 miles east and

west, thus being 35 square miles, 19,701 $\frac{2}{3}$ acres, consisting of sections 1, 2, 3, 4, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 33, 34, 35, 36, of township 143, range 36, in Beltrami county, with sections 1, 2, 3, 4, of township 142, range 46, in Becker county, sections 6, 7, 18, 19, 30, 31, of township 143, range 35, and section 6 of township 142, range 35—these in Hubbard county. The rectangle thus delimited includes nearly all the natural features about to be noted in the area designated as the ultimate reservoir bowl of the Mississippi by Brower, to whose admirable official report I am indebted for particulars which did not come under my personal observation on the spot, August 24th and 25th, 1894. The brim of the bowl is the Height of Land, Nicollet's Hauteurs des Terres, sc. between Hudsonian and Mexican waters; for all the water in the bowl runs into the Mississippi. The political boundary of the park is somewhat less than conterminous with the area of this bowl. The latter is conveniently divided into the greater and lesser segments, according to whether the waters drain into the west or the east arm of Lake Itasca; the greater segment contains the primal sources of the Mississippi. The brim of the bowl has a maximum elevation of 1,750 feet above sea-level. The southernmost lake in the bowl is Brower's Hernando de Soto, supposed to be 2,555 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles from the Gulf of Mexico, at an altitude of 1,558 feet. Another is Morrison lake. There are too many small lakes to mention, all beyond or beside any actual permanent surface connection with the Mississippian stream: two little ones which come near to such connection are Whipple and Floating Moss; but all contribute, either by seepage or flowage, to the Mississippi; their waters vary with season. Brower's important and fruitful studies of the hydrography of the Ultimate Reservoir Bowl have developed the unquestionable fact that all these lakes are to be considered collectively as Mississippi sources; and especially that by far the greatest volume of their waters flows through Nicollet's Infant Mississippi into the west arm of Lake Itasca. This effectually disposes of the recent fictitious and fraudulent exploitation of Elk lake as the true source of the "father of waters."

The Mississippi springs from the ground under a hill which I call the Verumontanum; the first collection of living waters, or what may be termed Fons et Origo Springs, occurs about the contiguous corners of sections ^{28, 27}_{33, 34} in township 143, range 36. The rill which issues thence runs northward in sections 27 and 28, and collects in a pool worthily named by Brower Upper Nicollet lake, after the keen-eyed geographer who first spied and mapped it in connection with his immortal discovery of the Mississippian *Verum Caput*. But this Lacus Superior Nicolleti is not now connected by surface flowage with the continuation of the Mississippi; Brower is correct in designating its feeder as the "detached upper fork" of the Mississippi; for the Upper Nicollet lake is separated by a dry ridge a few yards wide, forming a sort of "natural bridge," under or through which water seeps, but over which it certainly never flows. Stepping a few paces over this pons naturalis, we descend into

a boggy place where the several Nicollet springs issue from the ground and form a rill whose waters are continuous to the Gulf of Mexico. If one wishes to "cover" the Mississippi in any sense, one may do so literally here, where the river is a few inches wide and fewer deep, by lying at full length on both sides of the stream and drinking out of the channel. This rivulet is the principal feeder of the Middle Nicollet lake, which is of oval figure, less than $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile long, lying chiefly in the southeast quarter of section 21. The outlet of this lake is close to the inlet, by a well-defined stream say $\frac{1}{3}$ of a mile long, which starts west, receives a small tributary called Howard creek from the south, and then curves north into the Lower Nicollet lake, one-sixth of a mile west of the Middle Nicollet lake. This is in size between the Upper and Middle lakes: it receives two rills, one of them called Spring Ridge creek: the Mississippi issues from the north end of this lake, and thence pursues a general northeast course for about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile in an air line, though crookedly and with several small bends, to fall into the head of the west arm of Lake Itasca, in the southwest $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 15. On its way it receives Demaray creek from the west. Thus is constituted, entirely above or south of Lake Itasca, the infant Mississippi, discovered by Nicollet in 1836, and by him poetically styled the Cradled Hercules. The cradle is now known as Nicollet Valley: it is bounded on the west by the Hauteurs des Terres, now Nicollet Heights, and on the east by a long, curved and somewhat broken ridge, which I have named Brower Ridge, after the accomplished gentleman whose name will always be associated with the history and geography of the Itasca basin. This ridge is the best walking from Itasca up to the Fons et Origo springs—though in the present state of the ground this is not saying much in its favor, yet this way is less laborious than following up the Infant Mississippi. When the Park has been laid out and adorned, Brower Ridge will be an eligible avenue or carriage drive. The north end of the ridge rises on Morrison hill, which overlooks Itasca on the one hand and on the other gives a fine view of Elk lake; it is only a few steps down to either lake from the summit, where stands the Brower post of 1889 with its historical inscription, a sign-board commemorating Nicollet, and a granite boulder graven with a name. Elk lake is the largest body of water in the bowl after Lake Itasca, being of irregularly oval figure, about a mile long by $\frac{2}{3}$ as broad. It lies almost entirely in section 22, immediately south of the head of the west arm of Itasca, and thus alongside the Herculean Incunabula, from which it is separated by Brower ridge. Elk lake has the bad luck of a bad name, with the more serious misfortune of a vainglorious record of attempted fraud. In the first place the name—with due deference to Gen. James H. Baker, who in 1876 caused "Elk" to become official on the plat of township 143, section 36—seems to me badly chosen. For, as we have already seen, "Elk" was originally the English name of Lake Itasca, translating F Lac la Biche, and Chippewa Omoshkos Sogiagon; so its transfer to the smaller lake is liable to create confusion. It would have been better

could we have adopted the name of Breck lake, given by Rev. J. A. Gillillan in 1881, or used the original Chippewa word Gagiwitadinag, meaning "lake embosomed in hills." In the second place, a certain unworthy person magnified the size of this lake, stretched out its principal feeder southward, lengthened, widened, and deepened its discharge into Itasca, labeled it Lake Glazier, and trumpeted his false claim of discovering the one and only true source of the Mississippi, to the scandal of geographical societies and other learned bodies. Elk lake was well described in 1872 by Julius Chambers, who called it Lake Dolly Varden: its discharge into Lake Itasca is now known as Chambers creek. This is a small side-stream about 333 yards long, in the bed of which I walked dry-shod, yet which has been exploited as the course of the Mississippi. Elk lake has several feeders, among them three called Elk, Siegfried, and Gaygwedosag—the latter named for Nicollet's guide of 1836, whom Nicollet called Kegwedzissag. All the features thus far noted are in the greater ultimate reservoir bowl, in relation with the west arm of Lake Itasca. Turning to the lesser part of the bowl, whose waters drain into the east arm, we find a chain of small lakes, whose names from south to north are Josephine, Ako, Danger, Twin, and Mary—the last of which was named in 1883 by Peter Turnbull, for his wife, who was the first white woman, and had the first white child, at Lake Itasca. Mary lake has continuous surface flow by Mary creek into the head of the east arm.

Such, in brief, are the main features of the Mississippian waters which drain from the south into Lake Itasca; but I suppose there are a hundred little lakes or pools in the bowl which seep through the bibulous soil; in fact, this flowing bowl is full of lees. The large lake which forms its strongest feature is of a three-pronged or triradiate figure—mostly arms, with little body, like a star-fish. It is said that the early name refers to the head and antlers of the elk, respectively represented by the three projections. There is not very much difference in size and shape between them, though each has its particular form. Where the three prongs come together as the main body of the lake is the small but picturesque Schoolcraft island, where the party of 1832 camped July 13th, as Nicollet did in August, 1836; it is decidedly the most eligible spot for the purpose before making one's periplus of the lake. The island is in section 11, township 143, range 35; its absolute position has been dead-reckoned by Mr. A. J. Hill to be lat. $47^{\circ} 13' 10''$ N., long. $95^{\circ} 12'$ W. Mr. Brower has this summer (1894) set up a very stanch oaken commemoration post, which bears a suitable legend and looks as if it might stand for a century. The island was named by Lieut. James Allen (Rep., p. 332). Near it is a shallow place called Rocky Shoal. The lake is $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles in greatest length from the end of the north to that of the east arm; the ends of the east and west arms are $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles apart. The west arm is marked off by Ozawindib point; the east arm by Bear point; and Turnbull point projects into the latter arm about opposite the place where Nicollet struck the lake in portaging over from Lake Assawa. The

best view of the lake is to be had from Rhodes Hill, near the base of the east arm. Itasca has several feeders besides Mary creek, Chambers creek, and the Infant Mississippi; four of these are Island creek, from the west, opposite Schoolcraft island; Floating Bog creek, falling in by Bear point; Bontwell creek, on the west side of the west arm; and Shawinukumag creek, a little rill close by the mouth of the Infant. There is one point about the lake I wish to signalize by the name of Point Hill, after my esteemed friend, Mr. Alfred J. Hill of St. Paul. When you come to the north end of the north arm, at the usual landing or embarking place there, where McMullen's house stands, your view of Schoolcraft island, as you look southward up the north arm, is intercepted by a promontory from the west side, near the center of section 2, township 143, range 36; this is Point Hill.

The altitude of Lake Itasca is given by Brower as 1,457 feet; its distance from the Gulf of Mexico, by the channel of the Mississippi, is probably about 2,550 miles—by no means those “3,184” miles which the Rand-McNally map exploits. The general situation is: 150 miles west of Lake Superior; 125 miles south from the north border of Minnesota; 75 miles east from the west and 252 miles north from the south border of the same. The lake is reached from St. Paul by 240 miles overland; take the G. N. R. R. to Park Rapids, and go thence in one day by wagon. The distance from St. Paul by the Mississippi is said to be 560 miles; it is ineligible as a route, because of obstructions to navigation, especially by logging-booms. A much easier way than I selected for my own excursion is, as just said, to the lake by rail and wagon, thence down the Mississippi by canoe or skiff to Deer river or Grand Rapids, where you strike the railroad to Duluth, or even down to Brainerd, where the N. P. R. R. crosses.

The names most prominently associated with discovery and exploration in the Itasca basin are: William Morrison, 1804; Henry R. Schoolcraft and James Allen, 1832; Jean R. Nicollet, 1836; Julius Chambers, 1872; James H. Baker and Edwin S. Hall, 1875; Hopewell Clarke; 1886; and J. V. Brower, 1889-94.

EACH GENERATION, as it takes its place in the long succession, owes a debt to the past and to the future. The obligation is most sacred to collect every shred of testimony throwing light upon the history of the past and of the present, and to transmit the record to the ages that come after. Only thus can the evidence be accumulated upon which a final judgment can be safely pronounced. Whilst contemporaneous testimony may be tinged with prejudice and passion, historic criticism will censure it only as the iron in the marble which sometimes discolours its polished surface.—Address of Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer, of New Orleans, before Louisiana Historical Society.

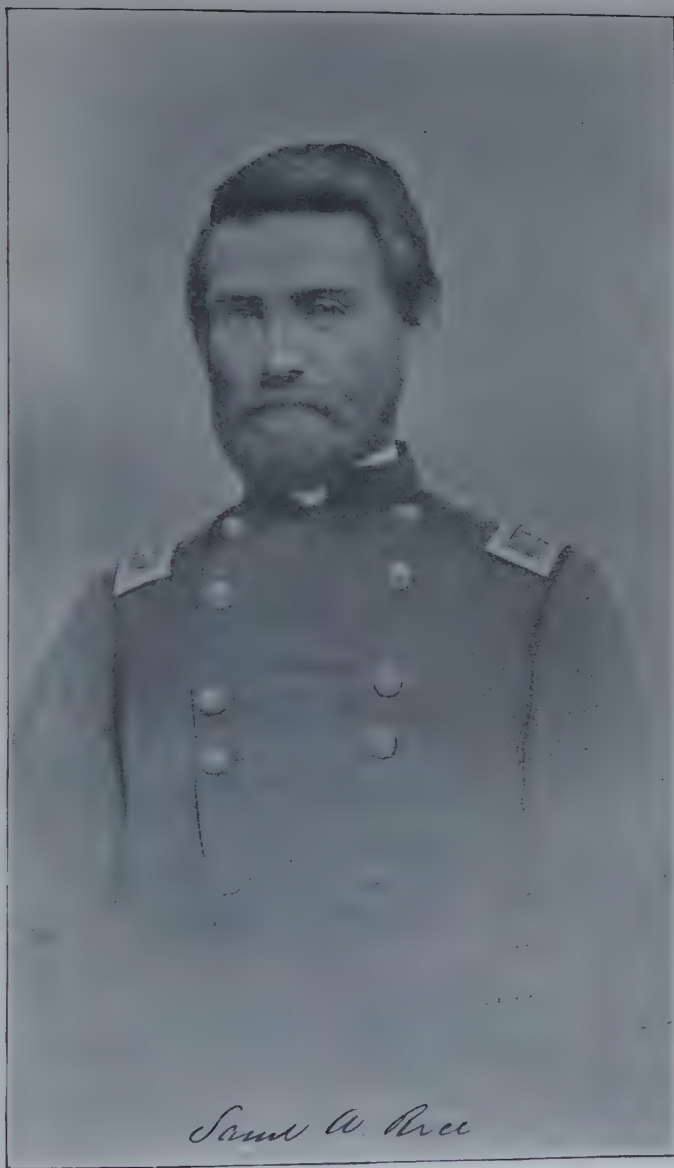
GENERAL SAMUEL A. RICE AT JENKINS' FERRY.

BY JOHN F. LACEY.

Brigadier General Samuel Allen Rice was the only general officer from the State of Iowa who died of wounds received in battle. He fell at the age of thirty-six, in the beginning of a career already great. He was a self-made man, as the term is generally understood. By his own efforts he acquired a collegiate education and prepared himself for that success in life which in America so often rewards men of his class. He was in his youth a steamboat pilot on the Ohio and Mississippi, and his earnings in this employment were expended in obtaining a classical and mathematical education at Union College. It is hard to tell how much of his rapid success in military life was afterwards due to the vigils and training of the pilot. It takes a memory of exceptional cultivation and strength to follow the currents and shallows of the mighty streams which he learned to navigate. At that time no government lights by night, or land marks by day, aided the pilot. The frequent changes of the channel kept him ever alert.

The training of sight, hearing, and memory which fitted General Rice for a skillful and successful pilot was supplemented with a full collegiate course, and upon graduation he came to Iowa to follow his profession. His rise was rapid, and his reputation soon became as wide as his state, and he was elected to the responsible position of Attorney General at the early age of twenty-eight.

With his wife and little children around him he hesitated at the beginning of the war to follow his inclinations and sense of duty into the field; but in the great enlistments of 1862 he was chosen by Governor Kirkwood as



Saml A. Rice

Colonel of the 33rd Iowa, one of the newly organized regiments.

It is not my purpose to write the life of General Rice, nor a history of the battle of Jenkins' Ferry, but to give a sketch of the man and of the occasion that, at the same time, ended his career and crowned it with glory. No soldier in the Union Army in only two years time accomplished more or won greater distinction. Commissioned in July, 1862, he was followed to the grave in July, 1864. Those were two years when history traveled with electric speed. When he was appointed Colonel of a regiment of new recruits he had never looked into a book of tactics. With an old Springfield rifle in his office he learned the manual of arms and the facings, practicing with a good drill-master until he could handle his gun with the skill of an old regular army sergeant. The book of tactics was ever in his pocket, and the drill of the company, the regiment, and finally the brigade and division, became as familiar to him as if he had commenced life as a cadet at West Point. It did not take him long to learn. Constant vigilance and study, the never failing attention to the material needs of his men, his strict discipline, invariable courtesy and kindness to all, and when the opportunity came, his cool heroism in battle, won him the respect of every man in his regiment, brigade and division, and finally the admiration of the whole army with which he served.

At Helena his first experience in defending an intrenched fortress against the gallant and desperate assault of Generals Holmes and Price won for him the stars of a Brigadier General.

His subsequent experience in campaigns in the field prepared him for the last trying hours that I have chosen to describe in this sketch.

Steele's army left Little Rock March 23, and was at Camden April 25, 1864. His attempted cooperation with

Banks had failed, for Pleasant Hill had been fought and lost before Steele could form a junction with the Red River Army. A return to Little Rock became imperative, but it was delayed at Camden at request of Banks, who believed that he was threatened with Kirby Smith's whole army following in his rear. In fact Smith's victorious infantry, fresh from his successes on the Red River, were hurrying in hot haste to crush Steele before the Army of Arkansas could regain the line of the Arkansas river at Little Rock.

The defeat of one brigade of Steele's army at Poison Springs, and the capture of General Drake's brigade and supply train at Mark's Mills, rendered retreat imperative, and on the night of April 26th after tattoo and as taps were sounded, the pickets were drawn in and the army crossed the Ouachita, the enemy being unaware of the movement until daylight next morning. A pontoon bridge built of boat gunnels and timbers was hastily built constructed by the Confederates, and Smith's army commenced the pursuit with Steele twelve hours in the lead. On the afternoon of the 29th the rebel cavalry under Marmaduke attacked the rear of the retreating army. Steele had made a shrewd movement to the right so as to cross the Saline at Jenkins' Ferry, thus placing that river behind him one day earlier than he could hope to do if he took the direct road to Little Rock by way of Benton. He apprehended what proved to be the fact, that a force of rebel cavalry was waiting for him on the Benton road. This move upon the chess board of war saved his army, and gave him the bloody morass of the Saline bottom in which to turn at bay. Had he gone forward on the Benton road he would have met Fagan's cavalry who would have held him in the open country until Kirby Smith closed up upon the rear. No one in Steele's army knew that the pursuers were anything but the Marmaduke and Shelby cavalry, which had already been hanging on front, flank and rear

since the first of April, and when the night of April 29th came down in rain and gloom, the army was in the act of crossing wagons, artillery and cavalry as rapidly as possible over the pontoon bridge to the hill on the eastern side.

Had the rain-storm delayed a few hours the river would have been crossed and the Union Army would have been in a place of safety.

An attack in the rear by a formidable division of cavalry was expected in the morning, but no one of the Federal Army knew that all the way from Princeton to our picket-lines the troops of Kirby Smith were marching through the darkness in overwhelming force. At midnight Churchill left Princeton, following the muddy trail that Steele had passed over the evening before. Parsons was six miles north of Princeton, and started with his division, on the same road. Walker's division, with Scurry's, Randall's and Waul's brigades, broke camp at 2:20 A. M., and marched in the same direction. Marmaduke's cavalry had harrassed the Federal rear the afternoon of the 29th and were ready to renew the contest at daybreak. Not suspecting this gathering storm of Confederate Infantry, Steele expected a battle next morning with the enemy's cavalry which he thought would attack the rear of his column in force, as it was crossing the river. It was a fearful night. Lightning flashed, thunder rolled and rumbled, rain poured down in torrents and the river bottom speedily became a sea of mud, rendering the passage of the wagons, artillery and cavalry extremely slow.

It was impossible to pass the river with the whole army in the night, and the rebels were known to be already face to face with our rear guard upon the hills overlooking the river bottom. Steele was an old soldier who had gone direct from West Point to Mexico and had spent his life in arms. He was a classmate of Grant and Sherman, and had won their confidence at Vicksburg. He

knew Rice's brief experience, but had seen him tried so often that he relied upon him as implicitly as if the volunteer General had been bred like Hannibal, in camp and field. With Rice at the point of danger Steele felt secure.

In the little log cabin of the widow Jenkins the commanding General and his staff stood at 2 o'clock in the morning, seeking shelter from the pelting rain. The dim light of a single tallow candle only deepened the effect of the gloom without. The troops stood or sat in the woods, protecting themselves as best they could with their ponchos. General Rice was sent for to go to headquarters. Steele said to him, "General, we are sure to have an attack upon our rear in the morning, and I look to you to hold the enemy in check with your brigade until the remainder of the army can cross the pontoon bridge." This Rice promised to do, and his preparations were speedily made.

But, while waiting in that little cabin, standing upon its muddy puncheon floor, discussing the issues of the next morning, neither Rice nor Steele for a moment realized the magnitude of the storm that was gathering along the Princeton road ready to burst upon them with the break of day. Thus it is with battles. Not often do the opposing commanders know fully the position or strength of their foes. But in this campaign the Confederate operations had been so completely shrouded and covered by the movements of their large force of cavalry, and communication with Banks was so completely cut off, that no one could have guessed that Kirby Smith had abandoned the Red River, leaving only a small force of cavalry to follow Banks on his retreat. In fact the Confederate General had planned and rapidly executed one of those brilliant movements upon short inside lines which so often resulted in great successes in the campaigns in Virginia. It was well devised and skillfully executed, and had the retreating army been brought to bay in the open country at a place where superior num-

bers could have been made available it would have resulted in assured success. There was one spot between Camden and Little Rock where the Union Army could best resist the largely superior forces of the foe, and that was at the crossing of the Saline. There was one part of the valley within our lines where the defense of the next morning could be best made. Rice promptly chose that particular place. There he saved the army, and there he lost his life.

The retreat had been a severe one. Coffee happened to be plenty, but food was scarce, and parched corn and coffee were the only diet of the men. Blankets and extra clothing were torn to shreds and dropped by the wayside as the army lightened its burdens for its long and hungry journey.

The enemy were following, and they, too, were stripped for the race and followed upon light diet. They were elated with success, but many of them had met the same troops before at Helena and in the campaigns in Arkansas, and they knew their foe. The night march from Princeton and then the descent into the dark valley, where in the rain and gloom the Union army were waiting for the attack, excited the liveliest emotions on the part of the Confederates, who knew that death had an appointment there for many of them. To overtake Steele in the open country was the wish of his enemies, for there the maneuvers of a superior force would be of great advantage. All night long the struggle to get the train, artillery and cavalry across the turbid river continued, and all night long the march of the pursuers was kept up; and when day broke the men who were about to attack and those who were to defend were alike wet, hungry, gloomy, sullen and desperate. Such a night robbed life of its charms and death of its terrors.

General Rice selected the place to make his stand behind an open field in which the timber had been deadened.

Coxe's Creek was on his right flank, a swamp rapidly growing deeper on the left, and he knew that his brigade could do much in such a position against a superior force. And thus it happened that, though only commanding a brigade of Salomon's division, Rice had practically given to him the immediate management of the forces in the battle on the Union side. Having formed his line with the 29th Iowa, 9th Wisconsin and 50th Indiana, he brought back the 33rd Iowa from the hill where they had stood guard through the night, and with his brigade in line he was ready to make the defence that he had promised. He did not have long to wait.

The battle began with suprising suddenness and desperation. Marmaduke opened the ball, not as cavalry usually do, but with that confidence and assurance which distinguishes that arm of the service when strengthened and supported by masses of infantry. As the battle raged, re-enforcements were sent from the direction of the river to report to Rice, and he placed the new troops in line as they came.

The left flank was partially turned by the enemy and re-enforcements coming forward, the gap was filled up to the swamp on the left; a few of the enemy were taken prisoners, who disclosed for the first time the fact that General Kirby Smith's whole trans-Mississippi Confederate army was engaged. Not only were the formidable cavalry of Marmaduke in the fray, but Price, Walker, Parsons, and Churchill were there with their infantry against the Union forces. Every soldier under Rice knew that if the two blue lines that reached from the creek to the swamp should waver or break, defeat with captivity or death would follow. It was a vital moment.

There were many turning points in the wavering lines of success and failure, of advance and retreat, from the Potomac to the Red River, which attended the progress of the war. Pleasant Hill marked the turn of the invading tide

of the Union army in Texas, but the returning flow of rebellion again ebbed from the bloody repulse of Jenkins' Ferry; and out of that now silent valley the form of Rice still rises in our minds after thirty years as the chief figure of one of the turning points in history.

Never was an army in greater peril. Never was an army saved by more heroic endurance and resolute bravery. On the bloody field of Essling, with the swollen Danube at their backs, Napoleon's soldiers stood waiting for night, and no command was heard but the oft-repeated "close up," as shot after shot made a gap in the ranks. So the line of the Army of Arkansas remained on that fearful day by the dark Saline river. It was an obstinate contest. Ankle deep in mud the combatants stood for six hours, shooting each other down in their tracks, and filling the morass with the dead and dying.

The roll of honor is a long one, and I feel tempted here to turn aside and recount the many deeds of valor performed on that memorable field. But I must refrain, for it is with Rice, the chief spirit of the scene, that we are dealing. He dominated the battle; around him it raged; he was the central figure; his inspiring example and unflinching bravery set the example that the whole army was in a mood to follow. Rice seemed to love the heat of battle. Danger stimulated him. He never lost his head. Mounted on his roan horse that day, he moved along the lines carrying confidence wherever he appeared. His coolness and personal presence cheered his men at all points of the line.

I will not in this article attempt to enumerate the individual deeds of bravery of others. The length of the space to be occupied forbids, and to select a few might seem to detract from others who were equally deserving; but the living and the dead may yield alike to the gallant Rice as the master spirit of the field. Every one of his

comrades in honest pride may say: "I fought with Rice at Jenkins' Ferry."

The repeated assaults of the enemy were brave and impetuous. They did honor to their blood and lineage in the gallantry of their deeds in their mistaken cause. The pall of smoke, mingled with the drizzling rain, the dark forest and the gloomy swamp, the constant roar of musketry, the repeated assaults of fresh troops, as one division followed another in the attack, the position of the men, many of them knee-deep in mud, with a rapidly rising river in their rear, all combined to make the Union troops realize their desperate situation; and every man seemed to feel that our line could not be broken without ruin to all, and that not a gap must be made in it except by death. When they learned that Kirby Smith's army was in the field, Steele and Salomon supported Rice with all the troops that could be sent to the front, for the rear of the army had become its front. Cavalrymen brought forward boxes of cartridges from the wagons and distributed them along the line, and fresh ammunition was the most effective reinforcement that could have been sent.

Marmaduke and his division made the first attack, followed by Churchill and Parsons' divisions in succession. Each attack had been successively repulsed. After steady and fierce fighting the battle slackened and Parsons' troops withdrew. Only desultory firing followed for a few minutes, and an order came from Steele, through Salomon, to fall back towards the river. Rice, with his quick intuition, and being at the very front, realized the danger of attempting then to obey this premature order. The time to retire had not arrived. The only safety lay in holding the line of defense. He said to his staff: "I am ordered to fall back; such a movement at this time would be disastrous, and as I am here on the ground and understand the situation, and there is nothing in the order as to how I shall retreat, I will first advance my whole line and at-



John Lacey
A. A. Guil.

tack the enemy, driving him back, before executing the order to retire. This is the only safe way to carry out the order. If we drive them a little way, they will let us fall back unmolested." He gave orders to have the regiments in front exchange places with the rear line, as the ammunition of the front line was nearly exhausted, and the line in the rear had just refilled their boxes. This movement was executed, and as he was about to give the order to advance, Walker, with his Texas division, came thundering down upon him, like a hurricane, and the battle was renewed with the greatest fury along the whole line. In the early part of this last attack a minie ball struck General Rice in the right foot, shattering it and driving his spur buckle into the body of the foot. The writer of this article assisted the wounded General from the field. In the dense smoke and noise of this last assault the wounding of Rice was known to but few of his men. Colonel Salomon, of the 9th Wisconsin, took his place, the attack was continued, the defense was stubbornly maintained until Walker was repulsed and the battle was ended. Then the order to cross the river was again renewed, and the bloody, but barren field was left to be taken into possession by the Confederates.

The struggle for life resulted in all the advantages of a victory to the Union cause. The Federal army pursued its way unopposed to the defenses of Little Rock; the crippled and exhausted army of Kirby Smith returned, broken and dispirited, to its former lines. General Rice was carried to his home in Iowa where his great heart soon ceased to beat, and in his own loved state he sleeps beneath a marble shaft erected to his honor by the soldiers of Rice's brigade."

In the early part of the fight Gov. Crawford, with his 2d Kansas colored regiment, came forward and reported to Rice. The 29th Iowa was nearly out of ammunition and

Rice desired to relieve them with the 2d Kansas. The hail of bullets was severe, and General Rice had never seen a black regiment under fire. "Do you think your men will stand so hot a fire?" said Rice. Colonel Crawford said: "Try them, they will stand where any men will," and they passed through the lines of the 29th Iowa and were soon loading and firing with great effect. Very soon two guns of Ruffner's Confederate Missouri Battery were brought up in front of the colored regiment and commenced firing. An immediate charge was made by the 2d Kansas and 29th Iowa, and in a few minutes the guns were brought back in triumph. The whitened bones of eighteen horses still mark the spot where this splendid charge was made.

As an illustration of the high regard in which General Rice was held by every member of his command, I will relate an incident connected with the last battle. Our mules were exhausted and starved, and many of our wagons were burned to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy, and amongst them was the one carrying the books and the baggage of the brigade headquarters. The writer had a valise in the wagon containing clothing and other articles which he supposed was burned with the rest. A few days after our return to Little Rock an ambulance driver of the 50th Indiana met me in the street and said he had brought my valise to the city, and asked where he should leave it. Said he: "I saw it lying in the mud near the burning headquarters wagon; it was marked with your name, and I knew that it belonged to one of Gen. Rice's staff. I thought if I could do anything for General Rice, or for any man connected with him, that it was a pleasure and a duty to do so." General Rice's pale face lit up with a smile when he was told of the courtesy that I had thus received by reason of the honor of service by his side. "God bless the whole brigade," he said.

One of General Rice's rules on the march was to halt his brigade just as they were approaching camp, close up the ranks and have his musicians strike up some lively air, and come into camp to the step, and in close marching order. This gave an individuality to the brigade which attracted the attention of the whole army. They never came in straggling. The day of the battle of Terre Noir, where Rice had fought all day defending the wagon train from the attacks of General Jo. Shelby, his brigade did not get into camp until long after dark. They were weary and hungry, but they closed up, the music started up as if there had been but an ordinary day's march, and as the brigade filed into camp the cheers of the whole army greeted them and their leader.

A small circumstance often produces great consequences. General Rice was accustomed to wear his spur with the buckle on the side of the foot next to the flank of his horse. The day before the battle this trivial matter attracted his attention, as he noticed his staff officers wore their buckles fastened on the other side of the foot. He spoke of it and said he believed he had worn his spurs wrong, and sat down on a log and changed them. Next day the fatal bullet struck the brass buckle and carried it into the middle of his foot, where it remained undiscovered for a week, contributing to, if it did not cause, the blood poison which ensued and from which he died.

Twenty-two years after the battle a party of General Rice's comrades revisited the scene of his glory, and cut a letter "R" upon a large tree at the place where he received his fatal wound. A monument ought to be erected there to Rice and the gallant men who fell with him defending the country's flag. The remains of those who fell had been dug up and transferred to the National Cemetery at Little Rock, where their graves are marked "Unknown."

and over their resting place flies the Nation's flag from sunrise to sunset.

General Rice was made a Major-General by brevet after his death, in recognition of his services in the Camden campaign.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH IOWA VOLUNTEERS. FROM WINCHESTER TO DAVENPORT.

BY CHAS. L. LONGLEY.

(Concluding article.)

The paper published in the October ANNALS left the Twenty-fourth Iowa at Winchester, West Virginia, under orders to take the cars in the early morning of January 6th, 1865, for some unknown destination. But before actual departure from that locality it is desired to correct the statement that Camp Russell was named for the gallant officer "killed in the final charge at Cedar Creek." General Russell fell at the battle of Winchester, September 17th, 1864, while General Lowell gave his life in the final struggle at Cedar Creek. The familiar association of the two names is doubtless responsible for the inadvertence.

After over two years in active service the men of the Twenty-fourth now considered themselves veteran soldiers; nevertheless a wholly unexpected order to move, in the dead of winter, from comfortable quarters only just completed was not received with complete resignation. It is true the order was promptly obeyed, but obedience was accompanied by certain observations, commonly known as "kicking," which were lurid enough to modify the weather. Perhaps they did so. At all events it rained, and the snow



Leander Clark

on the ground was turned into slush as the regiment "fell in" before broad daylight and looked its last on the "shanties" and "shebangs," now minus their "dog-tent" roofs, which were fondly expected to have been a cozy abiding place for the remainder of the winter. There was a march of some three miles to the terminus of the recently reconstructed railway, and here was found an opportunity almost inevitable when troops were called out early in a rainstorm—namely, to stand around in the wet and wait for the next number on the programme. What with the snow and mud under foot, the chilly wind and the absence of any shelter whatever, it was doubly disagreeable in this instance, and it lasted until 3 o'clock P. M. At this hour, soaking wet as they were, the men were loaded on flat and box cars—all without fire, of course, and the latter occupied on the roofs as well as inside, for an all-night ride. Saying nothing of the discomfort endured, nor even of the rheumatism and other lasting ills contracted, it is quite probable that as many men were actually killed by this trip as in the battles of Winchester and Cedar Creek combined. Such incidents as this were very common in the army. Perhaps too common to deserve detail. But they were costly, if human life and health are held valuable; and no one but those who experienced them will appreciate the actual suffering caused thereby.

At Baltimore, next day, quartered in a stable which had just been vacated by its lucky four-footed tenants, as it only amounted to a roof, the final destination of the regiment was as great a riddle as ever. On the 8th the sun shone, and with warmth came good cheer. And on the 13th, when the command marched across the city to the wharf, it was with colors flying, drums beating and a degree of style that made every man quite willing to be asked, "What regiment is that?" Here, again, was a wait of seven hours, though not an unpleasant one, and at 9. P. M., embarkation took place upon the sea going steamer

Suwonada. She was a huge freighter, built, we were told, for the China tea trade, and took on board some twelve hundred men, including brigade headquarters. A start was made just before daylight, but it was only after the stop at Fortress Monroe next day, after the open sea had been reached and the pilot discharged, that the sealed orders were opened to learn that we were bound for Savannah, Ga., where "Uncle Billy" Sherman was then resting and refitting his army of champion walkers.

The voyage was in no way an unusual one, and was completed with the proper allowance of seasickness, on January 18th, when we anchored in Warsaw sound and waited for a pilot up the comparatively shallow and devious Savannah river, which was specially difficult to navigate from the attempts of the rebels to blockade it by sinking hulls in the channel. Hence the wharf of the city was not reached for disembarkation until the afternoon of the 21st, the 20th having been spent transferring into "lighters." Sherman's army was already moving out, the rear division marching early the next morning, leaving his "Christmas gift" to President Lincoln in the hands of the newly arrived division of the 19th Army Corps to which the Twenty-fourth Iowa belonged, with General C. Grover in command.

The city of Savannah was and is an old and interesting one. Founded by General James Oglethorpe in 1733, it contained at this time about 20,000 people, including many refugee negroes and the wives and families of not a few distinguished Confederate officers, such as Generals G. W. Smith, A. P. Stewart, and others. It was considered a perfectly safe refuge up to the time that General Sherman demonstrated the similarity of the Confederacy to an egg shell by breaking through it with the greatest ease. Situated on a plateau along the river, fifty feet above the level of the sea, it was rendered especially attractive by its parks and wide streets, beautifully shaded by magnifi-

cent live oaks—than which no handsomer trees are known. In one of the smaller parks stood a notable statue of General Count Pulaski, who was mortally wounded in the attack on the city, then held by the British, October 9, 1779. The corner stone of this monument was laid by LaFayette in 1825.

But space does not permit dwelling upon the winter attractions of this far Southern city, nor upon the humdrum life in camp there, for the few weeks that it served as a base for General Sherman's march to the east and northward, which was greatly retarded by high water and mud. The most notable incident of this period occurred January 27, when soldiers and civilians were alike awakened by what seemed to be a rattling skirmish fire, pretty close at hand. Commissary Sergeant T. L. Smith (whose posthumous manuscript furnished the earlier of these papers) and the present writer were sleeping in a house used as an office and situated pretty well down town. Dressing hastily in the dark, the street was stealthily gained only to hear a projectile or fragment of shell hurtle along over head and bury itself in the ground further up. Thus confirmed in the belief that fighting was in progress somewhere, an exceedingly cautious advance was made down the dark side of the street in the attempt to find where and what. But the silent streets soon began to be populated, mostly with darkeys "toting" beds and bedding and other incongruous loads of household gear, who replied to anxious questions by declaring that the city was "done burnin' up." But as it seemed to be "blowin' up" also, anxiety continued to reign until the situation was fully explained by learning that an immense warehouse filled with fixed ammunition for the Confederate Navy, had been fired by some incendiary; and as they gradually heated up, the huge shells exploded, singly and by tens and by fifties, spreading destruction far and near. The scene at the fire was a strange one.

One poor, little, old-fashioned hand engine, named "Pulaski No. 2," was the only fire apparatus in working order in the city. This was manned wholly by negroes, who stood right to their work, although one of their number was killed by a flying fragment of shell at the brakes, and, under the leadership of the foreman, a bronze Hercules who stood on her deck with one foot on the brake-arm and shouted the refrain, cadenced an iterative song which gave time for every stroke. To see these men, under the lurid glare of the burning city, thus risking their lives to save the property of their late oppressors, made an impression not easily effaced. Nearly all the troops were called out, their first duty being to move a vast store of small-arm cartridges from a building near the fire, and next to preserve order and prevent the spread of the flames so far as possible without serious exposure. About six blocks were eventually burned over, and a number of lives lost, nearly if not quite all of whom were negroes.

The further stay of the regiment in Savannah was uneventful, and nothing but the prospect of the inevitable sea-sickness prevented general satisfaction when, on March 4, it embarked on the steamer "Delaware" for other "parts unknown." She touched at Hilton Head, stopped at Paris Island to coal, and on the 7th, touched at Wilmington that great blockade-running port having just been surrendered as a result of Sherman's demonstrations in her rear. Contrary to expectation, we did not go ashore, but again, next day, took to open water to put in a night that no one present is likely to forget, provided he was not too sick to appreciate the situation. The ship was a small coaster, built with an "overhang," like a river ferry boat; and, encountering a heavy sea off Cape Fear, she so nearly foundered that her officers and crew at one time wholly despaired. On the lower deck, where were most of the men, water poured in in torrents; and as it

went swashing from one side to the other the alarm became general. It was, moreover so genuine and so serious, that, contrary to usage, the participants failed to chaff each other much about it afterward—the extempore prayer meeting being alluded to somewhat reverently, and even the man who crawled up and embraced the anchor for safety being leniently treated. But it was a bad night. A serious leak was sprung and the pumps kept constantly going, so that the shelter of the inlet reached next day was warmly welcomed.

The point of disembarkation proved to be Morehead City, a city in nothing save the name, but situated about the center of the North Carolina coast, with a sheltered roadstead and the terminus of the Atlantic & N. C. railway, which intersects the through line from Wilmington to Richmond at Goldsboro, something over a hundred miles inland. General Sherman's Chief Quartermaster and Commissary were already here; and ships which filled the harbor were not only loaded with supplies, but also with everything necessary to re-equip the railway, including locomotives. And it was to the work of putting this road in order, unloading the ships and getting the supplies for an army of eighty thousand men ready to go promptly forward that the energies of all present were bent, both day and night for a part of the time.

A month of very hard work was done at Morehead City, but there was delight for our prairie-bred boys in the ocean and what its convenient beaches would disclose—always including the oysters, which were plentiful here, if not of the finest quality. And it was here, on April 6th, that there came the glorious news of the fall of Richmond, soon followed by that of Lee's surrender—which latter event was celebrated both formally and informally to the extent of the individual and collective ability of the entire regiment. And it is still something of an open question whether the more successful celebration tran-

spired in Col. Wright's tent, or out in the company quarters. There were plenty of men and material in both places.

The command went by rail to Goldsboro, reaching there April 10th, just as Sherman's army was marching out—many old friends in other Iowa regiments being greeted by the men of the Twenty-fourth. Our stay here was but little over two weeks, but it was signalized and forever saddened by the news of Lincoln's assassination. This was peculiarly an era of strange news, stranger rumors and suppressed excitement. Homeward bound stragglers from Lee's army, and deserters from Johnson's, were every day coming into our lines. It was evident that the war was over, and men went about with a stone on their heads—or at least a brick in their hats, in their vain effort to keep their elated feet steadily upon the ground.

On April 30th, a beautiful Sabbath, all regimental colors were dressed in mourning (which still appears on some of the Iowa flags stored in our State Capitol) and the several regiments formed at 9 a. m. to listen to the reading of Stanton's order relative to the death of the President. A national salute was fired, and divine service held afternoon and evening.

Upon going to Goldsboro the regiment had not received pay for fully six months, and in consequence money, as well as anything dependent upon the possession of money, was at the lowest possible ebb. A chew of tobacco looked to those who used it as large as a meeting house, and much more precious; while laundried garments, even among the officers, were an unknown luxury. It was at this time that the regiment was called upon to furnish an escort for Gen. Sherman, who was making a flying trip to Wilmington, as now remembered. Company B. was detailed for the duty and its commanding officer, upon the authority of Col. Wright, borrowed from Dr. Lyon the only paper collar in the command, and by

carefully splitting it in two, was able to make his toilet both going and returning.

Upon the first day of May the Regiment returned to Morehead City by rail, and on the fourth again took ship, disembarking, after three more days of sea-sickness, at the familiar wharves of Savannah. Upon the 11th inst., the 24th in company with the 22nd and 28th Iowa and four other regiments, started to march to Augusta, 135 miles distant by the roads travelled. And as these roads were mostly deep with sand, leading through a dense pine forest, the weather very warm and the march continually crowded, it was one of the most trying ones made during the service. Seventeen miles was the shortest distance made in a full day's march, and one of them covered twenty-eight miles—a trial of endurance and patience very difficult for men to understand who had supposed the war was over and that their next move would be toward home, instead of the opposite direction. Reaching Augusta on the 19th, the regiment marched through the city in column by companies, as the diary referred to says, "with great display and much distress from heat, to edify a crowd of rebs and niggers." It then crossed the Savannah river into South Carolina and camped in the hamlet of Hamburg—then as now a community almost exclusively composed of colored people, and since known to history as the scene of the first "negro massacre" of the reconstruction era. The residence of "Judge" Butler, believed to have been an uncle of him afterward known to fame as "Hamburg Butler," was near by on the river bluff, and a guard was promptly stationed there to preserve the old man's garden and hen-roost from depredation—the war being considered over in this respect at least. This guard, (of whom John Coutts, now resident in Sioux county, was one) were royally fed and cared for, and in return did their duty so far as the Confederate fowls were concerned. But this did not prevent the first one who came to camp from

reporting that the old Judge possessed a large kennel of fine bloodhounds, which the darkies reported to have been frequently used to catch fugitive Union soldiers, escaping from prison, as well as fugitive negroes. The sequel came about ten o'clock the same night, when the sounds of a smart though somewhat scattering rifle volley, mixed with canine execrations, came floating down over the camp. Their purpose was not known outside the self-appointed party of executioners, but they did their work quickly and completely—insomuch that when the old Judge came to camp next morning looking for mourners to attend his dog funeral, he was totally unable to identify, or otherwise to find, a single man who looked as if he had ever visited him before or could be induced to do so again.

The stay of the regiment at Hamburg lasted until the 31st of May, during which time, strange as it seemed then and will still appear, we had company and battalion drill almost daily and dress parade every evening. Companies F and I, in the meantime, made a trip to Greensboro, eighty miles distant, where some disturbances were reported. On the date last given, the 24th and 28th Iowa Regiments moved through the city of Augusta—again showing the paroled Confederates who lined the streets what we could do in the line of style—and marched out to the old United States Arsenal some three and a half miles above the city on the high ground along the river, where there were quite comfortable quarters for both officers and men. This arsenal was of course taken possession of by the rebels at the beginning of the war, and that double-dyed traitor, Floyd, as Secretary of War, had seen to it that it was fully stocked as possible with ordnance and munitions of all kinds. During the war this was one of the very few places where the Confederacy attempted the manufacture of its own supplies—adding two or three large, long buildings for shop and factory purposes to

those already there. Augusta was also one of the few places in all the South to attempt cotton manufactures before the war—the chief product of the crude mills being at that time a coarse, heavy muslin used for the slaves and known as “nigger cloth.” This was, during the war, made still heavier, and in the form of webbing and otherwise substituted for leather in many articles for the martial gear of both horses and men. Shell fuses were also made here, and signal rockets. And one of the evening diversions of the Iowa boys was impromptu fireworks—several hundred men shooting the fuses from their muskets through the air in all directions, and punctuating their fire-fly gleam with an occasional sunburst from a great signal rocket. The effect was fine, but it was suddenly and sadly abandoned when a misdirected rocket plunged across the parade ground and into the breast of one poor boy (from the 28th as now remembered) whose dreams of home were quenched by sudden and violent death. Another product of Confederate ingenuity was a home-made cavalry sabre; but although a large room full of them were in store, none appear to have been issued—at least no one ever saw one in use. The blade was clumsy and poorly tempered and the scabbard made of butternut wood.

This was an exceedingly attractive place, especially in this beautiful month of June; and relieved from war's dread alarms the three week's sojourn there would have been thoroughly enjoyable, save for the anxiety which possessed every one to be moving toward Iowa. Many incidents of this time recur to mind, one of which must have at least brief mention: The long delayed pay was still delayed, and officers and men were alike impecunious. Under these circumstances, and only a few days before our departure, two officers of the regiment, R. S. Williams of K and W. T. Rigby of B, went to an ex-Confederate officer in the city who, although just returned from Lee's

army, was already embarked in the merchant tailoring business, and with whom they had before had barely a few casual words, and secured from him the loan of \$50 each in cash and credit for two suits of citizen's clothing upon their bare promise to reimburse him after being paid off in Iowa! The favor was promptly and willingly granted; and it is needless to add that the promised remittance went to Savannah from Davenport, eliciting a letter of acknowledgment from which the conclusion, including the name of the writer, should be quoted here if it were within reach.

At last, however, the order from the War Department, which had been following us from Goldsboro, N. C., overtook us, and General E. L. Mullineaux, commanding the Post of Augusta, issued General Orders No. 11, dated June 6, 1865, directing a rendezvous at Savannah, for the purpose of being mustered out, and concluding in these words:

"In thus bidding you good bye, on your approaching departure to your distant homes, let me express to you my thanks and appreciation of your soldierly behavior, and the hope that you and your families may long enjoy the peace you have so gloriously won."

The march back to Savannah, which was begun June 21, was a hot and trying one. Arriving there other weary weeks went by while muster-out rolls were being made and transportation secured. By these rolls the existence of the 24th Iowa is made to cease on July 17, 1865, all the discharges being signed as of that date. But this date should really have been August 2, to which time we were paid, martial organization and discipline having been meantime maintained as usual. The days now passed slowly. They were long days and hot days, and not even the noisy salute firing and the fervid oratory with which the visitors to Savannah regaled the citizens on July 4, had power to greatly interest. But the last day finally came, and on Wednesday, July 19, Companies B, E, G, and

K. under command of Major Leander Clark, boarded the steamer "Detroit," and on the following day the remaining Companies, commanded by Colonel Wright, embarked on the small propeller, "Virginia," both being bound for Baltimore. In scripture order, the latter were the first to arrive, and after dinner at the Soldiers' Home, at once took freight cars on the B. & O. R. R. for Pittsburg. Arriving there in the middle of the night, wholly unheralded, to our great surprise we were met by a committee of the citizens and escorted to the old city Hall, where, under the auspices of the local organization that fed in that very room 409,745 soldiers, we were given a splendid meal—the value of which was greatly enhanced by the kind words and bright smiles of the many ladies, who with their own hands administered the boundless hospitality of that city. Chicago was reached, supperless, at eleven the next night; but when it became a question between going after something to eat, or stealing a train then in waiting for the 22d Iowa and getting off at once, the supper was not considered a moment. But it did seem a little trying, upon arriving in Davenport about nine o'clock next forenoon, without breakfast, as a matter of course, to be drawn up the first thing to listen to speeches of welcome from two or three of the warm-hearted Iowans resident there. The occasion was somewhat inspiring! Here stood the survivors of the thousand men who in answer to their country's call had left their State three years before, now returned in triumph "with glory and scars," holding aloft the banner under which their comrades died and which had by them been borne with honor on many bloody fields! Little wonder the Davenport orators wished to "improve the opportunity." But never, methinks, was eloquence so sadly handicapped! Col. Wright made a response the brevity of which testified to his appreciation of the situation, and then away we went to Camp McClellan—only to find that not only was there no breakfast there, but no

rations. Then the Colonel made another speech, brief but emphatic, as he started for the city to stir some one up, in virtue of which we managed to break our long fast sometime in the afternoon. This was on Wednesday, July 26th. On the next day the other four companies, under Major Clark, arrived and the regiment was once more united. Relatives and friends of the members of the regiment were here in great numbers, and the time passed quickly, although the old habits still continued in quasi-military routine, until, on August 2nd, the paymaster discharged all the obligations of Uncle Samuel (so far as they were set down on the muster-out rolls). Then the end came, and the Twenty-fourth Regiment of Iowa Volunteers, for three years a vigorous entity, ceased to exist and its four hundred remaining members bade each other good bye and merged into the common, every day citizenship of Iowa, without a ripple.

KEOKUK'S FIRST VILLAGE IN IOWA.

BY HON. J. P. WALTON.

It is the generally accepted opinion that when Keokuk and Black Hawk separated in 1826, and Keokuk and a portion of the Sacs and Foxes moved to the west of the Mississippi river, he went to the Iowa river and built his village. I have never been able to find any one who could tell where this village was located.

At the present time many persons believe the city of Keokuk was the place. Neither of these opinions is correct.

About six miles southwest of Muscatine, along the Muscatine slough or the west side of Muscatine island,

there is a beautiful lake. It is about the only body of water within the county large enough to be called a lake. When I came to the county in 1838 this was known as "Keokuk Lake." I recently made an effort to find how the name came to be applied to it and in so doing I learned that it was the site of the habitation of the noted chief, Keokuk. His village was situated on the west bank of the lake. This village was probably vacated in 1834. In that year the Indians raised corn in this vicinity for the last time. There are parties yet living in this vicinity who saw the frame work of the buildings in this Indian village. A gentleman of my acquaintance who visited it a short time after Keokuk left it, says that it occupied nearly all the high bottom land west of the lake—at least forty or fifty acres. Wapello had his village on the Iowa river, near the present city of Wapello, in Louisa county.

DESTRUCTION OF IOWA LAKES.

A few years ago Owl Lake, in Humboldt county, was purchased, or otherwise legally acquired, by a private citizen, who proceeded to drain the water away and make dry land of its bed. In fact, the peaty bottom of the lake was soon so dry that it came very near being converted into a bed of ashes from an accidental fire. The fire was extinguished only by great effort and at considerable expense. Since then it has been noted for the large crops grown where fishes swam and water-fowl were abundant in the old days of thirty-five years ago.

Mud Lake, in Hamilton county has always been known as a beautiful sheet of water, abounding with water-fowl and fishes, with myriads of pond lilies growing along its

margins. Many beautiful natural groves adorned its banks. But during the past year it has also fallen a victim to private greed, and we understand that it has been made dry land. We hear it stated that it is to be converted into a "celery farm." When this matter first came under discussion a few months ago, Professor J. L. Budd of our Agricultural college gave expression to his estimate of this sort of work in the following indignant protest:

"The story comes that Hamilton county has sold the tract of land covered by Mud Lake—about 1,000 acres—for the small sum of \$4,000, and that the work of draining it will begin at once. All that we can say is that it is a burning shame. With an expenditure of \$1,000 the low points of bank, furnishing outlets in a wet time could have been raised by dredging, thus deepening the water from the inflow of springs, fully eight feet. This would have made one of the most beautiful lakes of northern Iowa, and by percolation would have added to the value of thousands of acres in that section, besides giving out much needed moisture to the air. Instead of draining lakes, thousands more should be made over all parts of the state where a clay bottom is found near the surface. The once fine body of water known as Goose lake has also been drained recently and dozens of smaller lakes which might easily have been made into things of beauty and aids in keeping up the needed soil and air conditions requisite for crop growing."

The Webster City Freeman of October 31, 1894, replied to the above and other protests as follows:

"There seems to be some misapprehension of the facts in relation to the disposition of certain so-called lakes in this county by the board of supervisors. The question of disposing of these lakes has been discussed at different times for the past dozen years or more. It is and always has been the opinion of the best lawyers that the county has no right or title in these meandered lakes, and that whatever it could get out of them was clear gain, and never, until they were contracted away, was there any special value attached to them. For years past they have been growing up to reeds and rushes and the volume of water in them has been constantly decreasing. The county has no authority to appropriate money for their drainage or improvement and there is no probability that private individuals would ever go to the expense of making these improvements unless they could reap some direct advantage thereby. It is quite certain that these lakes would, in time, become wholly dried up and then the question of ownership would probably be settled on some basis of riparian rights of

ownership. In fact the parties who are paying for quit claims from the county recognize this possibility and are making terms with abutting property owners upon this theory. In view of all these facts we cannot see wherein the supervisors have not done the proper thing in getting what they can for the county out of these lakes, and we believe the tax-payers generally will take this view of the case."

We copy these articles in order that they may be placed upon record; but we endorse the views so clearly expressed by Professor Budd. We look upon the destruction of these beautiful lakes as nothing short of gross, inexcusable vandalism. The \$4,000 received by Hamilton county is the merest pittance, even when cash values are taken into account. If the county could not improve her lakes just now, there can be little doubt that she could in the not very distant future. Surely, the legislature would grant the authority if it were asked. We have heard it estimated by a most intelligent gentleman that, with moderate improvement, Mud Lake—as it was—could be made to produce \$4,000 worth of fish every year. It could easily have been made a beautiful summer resort for hundreds of people who cannot go to the greater lakes. Sufficient water could be raised from a few wells along its margins partially, at least, to balance the evaporation constantly going on; and if the lake had ultimately gone dry, it might have remained for many years an object of surpassing beauty and of much actual profit to the public. With the water supply so gradually and constantly diminishing, it looks like criminal folly to destroy such a lake simply to enable a private citizen to "make money." Good land is still abundant enough in Iowa. Other communities in this state, and throughout the country, and all over the world for that matter, are devoting tens of thousands of dollars to the work of making lakes and ponds, while Humboldt and Hamilton counties, in Iowa, are selling them out for much less in comparison than a "mess of pottage." When a private citizen employs a brainy lawyer to devise means for the destruction of such a lake, the

county should be authorized to employ a brainier one to defeat him. It is certainly to be hoped that the next legislature may take some action looking to the preservation of our beautiful Iowa lakes.—*Daily Capital*. Des Moines, January 30th, 1895.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF KEOKUK COUNTY.

BY J. D. HAWORTH.

Historians of states and countries, as well as of wars and peoples, seldom pick up the little events—the warp and woof of the lives of the men and women who make and mold the history that is read with so much eagerness in the years that follow. The little things are skipped, the common people are in a great degree overlooked, yet it is from and by these that others become great and of historical renown. Many things of small account at the time they transpire, of so little consequence that they are scarcely noticed, yet in after years their value becomes in many cases almost priceless, and large sums of money would be given for facts, stated by an eye-witness. Could we at this late day resurrect the thousand and one small facts that transpired during the days of the first settlement of the eastern States by our forefathers, what would we not give? Four hundred years and more have elapsed since this country was discovered, yet how short a time is that compared with the great space that has been drawn out since history first began. We have our histories of the early days of this country, yet how meager is that history—a mere outline! Nothing to tell us of the thousand small things that went to make up the lives, the joys or the sorrows of the people, who

paved the way for the present great empire that we enjoy. Not that what we may say in this article will be of consequence in shaping history, but we would, widow-like, throw in our mite, that others may be stimulated to do likewise; thus, on the whole, much may be preserved that is so rapidly passing away.

The east tier of townships of this—Keokuk county—was included in the first or Black Hawk purchase. Where we now write was within three miles of the western line of that purchase, and the writer was at that time an inhabitant thereof, though small, yet old enough to distinctly remember many things and incidents that occurred in that early day. The first settlement was made in 1839, yet a few of the early pioneers are remembered by the writer, most of whom have long since passed to the great beyond. William Bristow, who is still living on the farm that he took as a claim in the spring of 1839, though old and feeble, yet remembers well many of the events of that period. Henry Hardin, Aaron Miller, James M. Smith, Prior Woodward, William Searcy and a few others, whose names have slipped my memory, were of the 1839 period, but have long since passed away. These were men of energy and vigor, and not only able but willing to breast the wintry blasts of the early Iowa climate, that they might pave the way for what is now one of the foremost states of our Union, and make homes for themselves and their posterity. Then, is it not fitting that their names be kept sacred in history as in memory?

This township (Richland) was the first settled in the county, while the townships to the north of it were settled later. To the early settlers the reason was plain. There was plenty of timber along the Skunk (Chatauqua) as it was then called, as also along Richland (then called Thunder) creek, which attracted the attention of the early pioneers, and which was thought indispensable.

A township organization was early effected, with all

of the proper officers to execute the laws, then territorial, and of little force. For all judicial purposes the eastern tier of townships was attached to Washington county, which had just been organized. Statutory laws were enforced when they fitted a case, but when they did not satisfy justice, as viewed by these hardy pioneers, a more rigid code was enforced, to the dismay of evil doers. One of the most serious infractions of justice, to which statutory law did not reach, was "jumping claims"—that is, to move on and take possession of some earlier pioneer's rights. In this kind of violation of law, punishment was sure and severe. Club law was resorted to, and its decree was inexorable. It was as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The punishment was, on conviction a coat of tar and feathers, with as many stripes as was adjudged proper by an improvised jury of his peers, selected from the adjacent neighborhood. These laws continued for several years after the first settlement, as will be remembered by those who lived on the frontier.

To give a clearer idea to our young people of how severe the penalty was for violating this code of laws, we will give an instance. The lands had been sectionized by government surveyors and platted, that they might be put on the market, so that the settlers could buy their homes, thus securing what they had risked so much to obtain. Here is where the "club law" came in such good play, and was so rigidly enforced. The land was thrown upon the market. Any man who had \$100 could go to the land office and enter (buy of the government) any eighty acres he might find still vacant, without asking any questions, and get a certificate of purchase from the government. There was no pre-emption or homestead law in those days. You could get land only by buying of the government at the small price of \$1.25 per acre, and then only in forty, eighty, 160 acres, or a multiple of the same. Many, in fact nearly all, of the earliest pioneers were poor in purse, but

proud in spirit and resolute in purpose. Hard it was on the man who had the temerity to go to the land office (then in Fairfield) and enter (purchase) the claim of a pioneer who was too poor to buy his claim of the government when it was announced as open for purchase, provided he ever put in an appearance in the neighborhood where the land was situated. One or two instances of such violations of "club law" will suffice to give the reader some idea of the treatment the violators received, and may not be uninteresting. An early pioneer had settled on north Skunk river and commenced to erect a mill, that the new settlers might be able to get a little corn ground into meal. The mill was a very primitive affair, only a dam and a kind of a platform with a small set of burrs, without any cover whatever, but in running condition and grinding corn, which was hailed as a blessing that would save the people from going forty or fifty miles to mill. They watched this primitive plant with a jealous eye. A Mr. Cooley was the proprietor and builder, and he was looked upon as an extraordinary man for his day. He had no money, but by the aid of his neighbors in work and supplies he had erected the mill and it was already running. What a blessing! A fortune was in sight, which excited the avarice of one "Pep" Smith, a whiskey vender, and one Frisbey, who coveted the bonanza that had been set on foot, and would in due time reap the harvest. Seeing this they set about to secure the prize. Accordingly they raised the necessary \$50 to enter the land upon which the mill was situated. Slyly and in the night time they hied themselves away to Fairfield, and finding the land vacant bought it of the government, receiving a certificate of purchase. No one was any the wiser, not even the government people knowing that there was a mill in operation on these premises. The government had the money, Smith and Frisbey held the certificate of purchase, and who could say all was not right? In the course of a few

days the matter leaked out; then there was trouble in the air. Soon a company was gathered and a descent was made upon the homes of the two men who had violated the "club laws of Iowa." Smith and Frisbey were arrested, by what would now be termed a mob—but then considered a legal process—and started toward the mill. They were placed upon horses, and marched in the center of the crowd, nothing being said as to their fate. Having gone some distance one of the guards discovered that Frisbey was wet from some cause. It being in the night the guard could not understand what was the matter. He reported the fact to one of the leaders, a halt was called, a light was made, when it was discovered that what seemed to be water was blood. Upon examination it was found that Frisbey had attempted to commit suicide with a long-bladed knife, by stabbing himself in the breast, in the direction of the heart. In due course of time the party reached the mill, where a halt was called and Frisbey's wound was examined and pronounced by these rough frontiersmen as fatal. Accordingly he was carefully laid on the soft side of a pile of logs near the mill and a guard left to watch over him, while the remainder of the crowd turned their attention to Smith. He was duly tried, found guilty of violating the laws of the pioneers and sentenced to receive a coat of tar and feathers, and to deed by warranty the land he and Frisbey had entered with a return of the fifty dollars they had expended in the purchase of the land, and then leave the country forever. Accordingly a clear warranty deed was made out, presented to the two culprits with the choice of signing the same or being hung to the nearest tree. They were in the hands of determined men and therefore it did not take long for them to make up their minds. They signed the deed in the presence of the magistrate, who was conveniently present, and who took the same to the wives who also signed it. Smith was given a handsome coat of tar and

feathers—a lady who was in the secret of the scheme and was conveniently near, furnished the feathers by ripping open a pillow—while Frisbey was taken to his home where he was left with the thought that it would be impossible for him to recover. The work was done, so far as the pioneers were concerned. Through the aid of his friends, Smith relieved himself of the coat of tar and feathers, while in a few weeks Frisbey recovered sufficiently to travel. Both parties left the state and went to Missouri where they were never heard of more, and the original owner, Mr. Cooley, was left in peaceable possession of the mill to bless the early settlers with many a sack of coarsely ground meal. On another occasion a Rev. F. F. Lyon, an itinerant M. E. minister, who is living yet, had taken a claim of one hundred and sixty acres of Uncle Sam's wild domain, built himself a cabin, and with his family was in legal possession according to the laws of the land. (club law). The land was in the market and open to entry, and yet the reverend gentleman was unable to gather enough money together to pay the government price, therefore the land was subject to be entered by whomsoever might have the money and be so disposed. Avarice did not have to wait long, for soon an old doctor, having the necessary funds, went to Fairfield and duly bought the land, little thinking that in an incredibly short space of time he would be glad to deed the land to the claimant and receive back only the money he had invested. The old Doctor was so proud of his easily acquired farm—for the land was quite well improved—that he was unable to keep his action to himself until such time as it found its way to the public otherwise. He told a friend, the friend told another friend, and so it was very soon public. No sooner had the matter become known than a meeting was quickly announced and a large number of these rough but honest toilers were gathered together for the purpose of redressing the wrongs their neighbor had

suffered from the hands of the spoiler. The Doctor was at once notified of what was expected and what would be the consequence should he refuse to "stand and deliver." It did not take long for the argument to take effect when informed how Smith and Frisbey had suffered. The deed was duly made and the money paid over, when the Doctor remarked that it had been his intention all the time to deed the land back, and that he had only entered it to keep some one else from doing so, to protect the reverend itinerant. How honest he was the reader can judge for himself.

Thus it will be seen that the pioneers had ways that were not dark nor were their tricks vain, for their manner of dealing with men was effective in securing the ends of justice.

Richland was one of the early towns, it having been surveyed and platted in 1843. Prior Woodward, above mentioned, was the proprietor. It is situated in the center of section 27, township 74, range 10, west of the fifth principal meridian. Prior to the survey of the town, and just west of where the residence of Dr. H. A. Swayze now stands, Aaron Miller built his first cabin in 1839, under the shade of a half dozen burr oak trees. At the time, Mr. Miller was a middle aged man, and was the father of quite a large family of both boys and girls, a number of whom, including the parents, long since passed away. The cabin of this pioneer was a hospitable one, and many were the weary western pilgrims who could testify to the host's hospitality. Poor as the accommodations were, they were gladly accepted by the tired hunter or the seeker for a suitable location for a claim upon the wild domain. With this family lived one Peter Perry, a young man, who had come to the new purchase that he too might partake of the benefits of the fertile and virgin soil. Active and full of vigor, he also had located a claim adjacent to that of Mr. Miller. Wm. Searcy, late of this

county, was a son-in-law of Mr. Miller. His cabin also stood near that of his father-in-law, and with him lived a brother, Elijah Searcy, a young man about nineteen years of age, and one who had not been blessed with over-much intelligence. The Miller cabin was the rendezvous of the neighborhood, and when nothing especially was on hand in the way of work, and the weather was fine, it was not an uncommon thing to see a dozen men under the shade of the trees about the cabin. On one of these occasions a number had gathered together and were lounging in the shade in their accustomed manner. Among them were Peter Perry and young Searcy. The latter not being considered very bright was the butt of the jokes of the crowd on this as he had been on other occasions where he happened to be present. At this time Mr. Perry was telling a story on Searcy in which a young lady figured and which reflected on the character of Searcy. Although intended only as a joke, the story so enraged young Searcy, that he grabbed a convenient club and in the twinkling of an eye dashed out the brains of Perry. The victim expired at once without a groan. Realizing what he had done, Searcy fled, while the bystanders were making diligent efforts to bring to life the victim of his own joke. In a very few moments it became evident that there was no hope of resuscitating Mr. Perry, and attention was called to the young man who had committed the crime. On looking about the discovery was made that he had fled and was nowhere to be found. Runners were sent out in all directions who soon spread the news of the murder of Mr. Perry, with instructions to promptly apprehend Searcy as the murderer. In an incredibly short space of time the pioneers were searching the woods as well as the prairies for the escaped criminal, and had he been apprehended at that time his life no doubt would have paid the penalty. Fortunately for him he had escaped and was so well secreted that his hunters

were unable to find a trace of him. The hunt was kept up, but while it was going on the real facts of the murder became known, together with the mental condition of the murderer, which had a tendency to allay the excitement of the people. Those who would have hanged Searcy in the beginning would now have set him free. In the course of a few days, becoming hungry and tired of hiding, the murderer returned to the scene of his crime, more dead than alive from fright at the thought that he had killed Perry, and from starvation while in hiding, although he had not at any time been more than a half mile from where the crime had been committed. He was taken into custody, fed and concealed for a day or two until a convenient time presented itself to take him to Washington where he was confined in a little log jail, from which he was either let out or escaped of his own accord, and was never afterwards heard of. The remains of Perry were prepared for burial, a coffin was improvised from some boxes, as undertaking was an unknown trade in this section at that time. The remains were followed by a few of the great-hearted yet rough backwoodsmen and their families to a little hill southwest of the Miller residence, where a grave had been dug, and where brief services were conducted by a pioneer minister. A little mound still marks the final resting place of the first victim from the hands of his fellow-man in Keokuk county.

Throughout our State a deep interest is constantly manifested in its history, as well as in that of our towns, counties and public institutions. Every passing week witnesses the publication by Iowa papers of scores of historical articles, read with avidity now, and which will possess untold value in future years.

ANNALS OF IOWA.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE SPIRIT LAKE AND OKOBOJI MONUMENT.

Ever since the cruel massacre by Sioux Indians around the lakes in Dickinson county, in 1857, there has been a strong public feeling that some adequate memorial should be erected, not only to perpetuate the names of the pioneer settlers who sadly lost their lives, but of the men of the Relief Expedition who gallantly marched thither under Major William Williams, of Fort Dodge. The stories of the massacre and of that notable march have been often told, as they will be in coming time, and we need not attempt their rehearsal here. At the opening of the Legislature of 1894, Mrs. Abbie Gardner-Sharp, who was carried into barbarous captivity by the Indians, came to the Capitol and remained through the session. Largely through her efforts, heartily seconded by Senator A. B. Funk, who resides at Spirit Lake, a bill was passed appropriating \$5,000 for a monument. The law provided for "a special commission composed of five members appointed by the Governor of the State to carry out the provisions of this act." Governor Jackson approved the bill March 30, and appointed the following persons as commissioners: Ex-Governor Cyrus C. Carpenter and Hon. John F. Duncombe of Ft. Dodge, Mrs. Abbie Gardner-Sharp and Hon. R. A. Smith, of Okoboji, and Charles Aldrich, of Boone. The commission was organized by the appointment of Governor Carpenter, Chairman, and Mrs. Sharp, Secretary. A suitable location having been secured without expense to the State, a contract for the

erection, for \$4,500, of a granite monument, 55 feet high, with a large bronze tablet on each of its four sides, was let to the N. P. Peterson Granite Company of St. Paul, Minnesota. The monument was completed about the middle of March. It is a beautiful shaft, built in alternate sections of rough and polished Minnesota granite. This material is hard and durable, susceptible of a high polish, somewhat resembling Scotch granite, containing, however, less of red and more of gray and black than the imported article. The site selected is near the Gardner cabin. The four large bronze tablets are inscribed as follows:

EAST TABLET.

The pioneer settlers named below were massacred by Sioux Indians, March 8-13, 1857. The barbarous work was commenced near this spot, and continued to Springfield (now Jackson), Minn.

Robert Clark,	James H. Mattock,
Rowland Gardner,	Mary M. Mattock,
Francis M. Gardner,	Alice Mattock,
Rowland Gardner, Jr.,	Daniel Mattock,
Carl Granger,	Agnes Mattock,
Jos. Harshman,	Jacob M. Mattock,
Isaac H. Harriott,	Jackson A. Mattock,
Joel Howe,	Robert Mathieson,
Millie Howe,	Lydia Noble,
Jonathan Howe,	Alvin Noble,
Sardis Howe,	John Noble,
Alfred Howe,	Enoch Ryan,
Jacob Howe,	Bertell A. Snyder,
Philetus Howe,	Joshua Stewart, wife and two
Harvey Luce,	children,
Mary M. Luce,	Elizabeth Thatcher,
Albert Luce,	Dora Thatcher,
Amanda Luce,	George Wood,
Wm. Marble.	Wm. Wood.

WEST TABLET.

Roster of the Relief Expedition. Fort Dodge, March 24, 1857,
Major William Williams, commanding.

COMPANY A.

C. B. Richards, Capt.
F. A. Stratton, 1st Lt.
L. K. Wright, Serg't.
Solon Mason, Corp.

PRIVATES.

W. E. Burkholder,
G. W. Brazee,
C. C. Carpenter,
L. D. Crawford,
Julius Conrad,
Henry Carse,
—— Chatterton,
Wm. Defore,
J. W. Dawson,
Wm. Ford,
John Farney,
John Gales,
Andrew Hood,
Angus McBane,
Wm. McCauley,
Michael Maher,
E. Mahan,
W. P. Pollock,
W. F. Porter,
B. F. Parmenter,
L. B. Ridgeway,
Winton Smith,
R. A. Smith,
G. P. Smith,
O. S. Spencer,
C. Stebbins,
Silas Vancleave,
R. U. Wheelock,
D. Westerfield.

COMPANY B.

J. F. Duncombe, Capt.
James Linn, 1st Lt., —
S. C. Stevens, 2d Lt.,
W. N. Koons, Sergt.,
Thos. Callagan, Corp.

PRIVATES.

Jessie Addington,
A. Burch,
Hiram Benjamin,
D. H. Baker,
Orlando Bice,
Richard Carter,
A. E. Crouse.
R. F. Carter,
Michael Cavanaugh,
Jer. Evans,
John Hefley,
O. C. Howe,
D. F. Howell,
A. S. Johnson,
Jonas Murray,
Daniel Morrissey,
G. F. McClure,
A. H. Malcombe,
Michael McCarty,
J. N. McFarland,
Robt. McCormick,
John O'Laughlin,
Daniel Okeson,
Gaernsey Smith,
J. M. Thatcher,
W. Searles,
John White,
W. R. Wilson,
Washington Williams,
Reuben Whetstone.

COMPANY C.

J. C. Johnson, Capt.
J. N. Maxwell, 1st Lt.
F. R. Mason, 2d Lt.
Harris Hoover, Sergt.
A. N. Hathway, Corp.

PRIVATES.

Thos. Anderson,
James Brainard,
T. B. Bonebright,
Sherman Cassady,
W. L. Church,
Patrick Conlan,
H. E. Dalley,
John Erie,
John Gates,
E. W. Gates,
Josiah Griffith,
James Hickey,
H. C. Hillock,
M. W. Howland,
E. D. Kellogg,
W. K. Laughlin,
A. S. Leonard,
W. V. Lucas,
F. R. Moody,
John Nowland,
J. C. Pemberton,
Alonzo Richardson,
Michael Sweeney,
Patrick Stafford,
A. K. Tullis.

G. R. Bissell, Surg.
G. B. Sherman, Com'y.

NORTH TABLET.

(Iowa Coat of Arms.)

ERECTED BY ORDER OF

THE TWENTY-FIFTH GENERAL ASSEMBLY

OF THE STATE OF IOWA,

1894.

SOUTH TABLET.

MEMORANDA.

Miss Abbie Gardner, Mrs. Margaret Ann Marble, Mrs. Lydia Noble, and Mrs. Elizabeth Thatcher, were carried into captivity.

Mrs. Marble was rescued May 21, and Miss Gardner June 23, 1857, through the efforts of Gov. Sam.

Medary and Hon. Charles E. Flandreau, of Minn. Mrs. Noble and Mrs. Thatcher were murdered by the Indians.

Capt. J. C. Johnson, of Webster City, and William E. Burkholder, of Fort Dodge, were frozen to death on the return march, in Palo Alto county, April 4, 1857.

PERSONS WHO FLED FROM THE ATTACK ON SPRINGFIELD (JACKSON), MINN., AND WERE RESCUED BY RELIEF EXPEDITION.

John Bradshaw, David Carver, Mrs. S. J. Church and two children, Eliza Gardner, George Granger, Mrs. Harshman and children, — Harshman (son of the preceding) and wife, Morris Markham, Mrs. Wm. Nelson and child, Jareb Palmer, A. P. Shiegley, J. B. Skinner and wife, — Smith and wife, Dr. E. B. N. Strong, wife and two children, John Stewart, Drusilla Swanger, J. B. Thomas, wife and five children.

The work upon this monument is believed to be of the best quality, and it has seemed fully to meet the expectations of all who have seen it. The task of preparing the inscriptions has been a most difficult one, owing to the lapse of time and the insufficiency of records. In many cases dependence has been of necessity placed upon the memories of living persons, which, after more than a third of a century, are in danger of being confused; but it is believed that these tablets contain the names of all who lost there lives in the massacre, or participated in the Expedition. And thus the State has rendered a just and generous tribute to their memories. Many of the men in the Expedition afterward volunteered in the Union armies and several of them fell in defense of their country. At the date of this publication it seems probable that the Commission will complete its labors by turning the monument over to Gov. Jackson on the 4th of July next.

ARTICLES AND PORTRAITS.

We present the first of a series of articles on the life and military services of the illustrious Major General John M. Corse, by his distinguished townsman, the Rev. Dr. William Salter of Burlington, author of many works of Iowa history and biography. The reader will find these articles very interesting and valuable, presenting ampler knowledge of General Corse than has hitherto been accessible. It is appropriately illustrated by portraits of Generals Corse and Sherman. For the use of the latter we are indebted to the courtesy of the editor of the *Midland Monthly*.

From advance sheets of the forthcoming edition of the "Expeditions of Lieutenant Z. M. Pike," by Dr. Elliott Coues, we have an interesting account of his exploration in 1894 of the sources of the Mississippi River. It is a historico-geographical article of great value, as throwing light upon that long mooted question. We publish with it a portrait from Dr. Coues' best photograph.

Having known General Samuel A. Rice intimately and well, we take great pleasure in publishing an article from the pen of Hon. John F. Lacy, of Oskaloosa, upon the circumstances of his death. Mr. Lacy went out as Adjutant of the 33rd Iowa Infantry, commanded by Colonel Rice. When the latter was promoted to Brigadier-General, Lieutenant Lacey was commissioned Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Captain. At the time that General Rice received his mortal wound, at the battle of Jenkins' Ferry, Captain Lacey was by his side and helped him off the field. The tribute he pays to that brave soldier is every word deserved. Had General Rice lived through the war we believe no Iowa hero would have stood higher. We are glad to present excellent war-time portraits of General Rice and Major Lacey.

Captain Charles Longley gives his readers the concluding chapter of the history of the 24th Iowa Infantry, leaving the heroes of that gallant command mustered out of the service and en route to their several homes. A good portrait of Major Leander Clark, from a recent photograph, accompanies this last chapter of that "strange eventful history." Major Clark "still lives" at Toledo, Iowa, and has been heard from on many occasions since the war.

Mr. Walton's item on "Keokuk's Village," and the article on "Destruction of Iowa Lakes," will be read with interest aside from their permanent value, as will also Mr. Haworth's "Recollections of Early Times in Keokuk County."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

In the person of Senator H. F. Andrews, of Audubon, Iowa, our state possesses one of the most thorough and industrious students of genealogy in the West. His first work in that direction which came to our notice was the genealogical history of the Andrews family, to which he belongs. In its prosecution and publication he was quite successful, though he was working upon it at intervals for twenty-five years. Upon its completion two or three years ago, he began a like work for the Hamlin family, a numerous one in this country and England, one of the earliest records of which was in the victory of Hastings, where William the Conqueror won the crown of England. Hannibal Hamlin, Vice President of the United States, and the Methodist Episcopal Bishop, L. L. Hamline, who died in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, in 1865, were of this family. Mr. Andrews has issued ninety-six pages of his work, which bids fair to be an extensive one. He brings the genealogy down to the third generation in this country, very successfully clearing the way for its continuation. How long it may take him to complete the work, we presume that even he would be unable to predict. But as he has the support of several of the leading members of the Hamlin family, we have no doubt that it will proceed more rapidly than his first work in which he had little, if any, outside aid. We copy the title-page of this new and very large undertaking, which in itself indicates its scope and purpose:

"HISTORY of the **HAMLIN FAMILY** with Genealogies of Early Settlers of the name in America. 1639-1894. Origin of the name. Early Account of the Family in England. Coats of Arms, Crests, etc. First Settlements in America. Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolution, War of 1812, Mexican War and of the Rebellion. Statesmen, Lawyers, Clergymen, Physicians, Merchants, Bankers, Educators, etc., etc. **TO BE PUBLISHED PERIODICALLY. PART ONE.** Commencing the Genealogy of James Hamlin, of Barnstable, Massachusetts, 1639, with First Four Generations in America, with copies of wills, etc., and collateral pedigrees. By **H. FRANKLIN ANDREWS**, Attorney at Law, Audubon, Iowa. Exira, Iowa, George W. Guernsey, 1894.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF RAFINESQUE. By Richard Ellsworth Call, M. A., M. Sc., M. D. Louisville, Ky., the Filson Club, 1895.

In the year 1783 a boy was born near Constantinople, Turkey, of French-German parentage, who was named Constantine Samuel Rafinesque, and whose after life was a most remarkable one. He resided during his childhood and youth in France and Italy, where he acquired a thorough education, his tastes naturally inclining him to the study of natural history. He came to this country in 1802. Returning in 1805, he went to Sicily, where he remained ten years. During this period, while occupied with many other matters, his attention was largely given to the study of animated nature and botany. Though

yet a very young man, his investigations resulted in several publications of more or less value. He returned to this country in 1818, and from that time until his death in 1840, his life was filled with arduous labors in natural history, including geology, meteorology, botany, ichthyology, conchology, astronomy, chemistry and metaphysics, to which he sometimes added that of lecturer, and teacher. Notwithstanding his great ability and diversified knowledge, he was an eccentric character who would be called "a crank" by many people at the present time. But he was the first naturalist to explore the valley of the Ohio and other portions of this country, the results of which for the most part were published in his life-time. But as the years passed other men explored the same regions, to a large extent ignoring the work and publications of Rafinesque. He came at last to be mentioned as a "Forgotten Naturalist." It has been a labor of love for Prof. R. E. Call—a former resident of Des Moines—to make a thorough study of the life and writings of Rafinesque, carefully estimating his labors and giving him the credit which, as an early explorer and discoverer, he undoubtedly deserves. The results of his studies have been published by the Filson Club of Louisville, Kentucky, in a most beautiful volume of 227 pages, with two portraits of Rafinesque and other engravings, of which a large paper copy has reached the Historical Department of Iowa. It also presents a bibliography of the writings of Rafinesque, containing a grand total of books, pamphlets, translations, magazine articles, etc., of 447 titles. It has made permanently accessible, in an attractive form, whatever is known of this pioneer naturalist, who certainly deserved to be remembered and not forgotten.

THE IOWA GEOLOGICAL SURVEY. Volume 3. Second Annual Report, 1893, with accompanying papers. Geological Corps: Samuel Calvin, A. M., Ph. D., Geologist; Charles Rollin Keyes, A. M., Ph. D., Assistant State Geologist; G. E. Patrick, A. M., Chemist. Des Moines, Iowa: The Kenyon Press, 1895.

This is an exceedingly beautiful volume, handsomely printed, tastefully bound, copiously illustrated with engravings, maps, diagrams, etc., and thoroughly indexed. It presents a report of the operations of the Iowa Geological Survey for the year 1893. In addition to the labors of Messrs. Calvin and Keyes, the survey had the aid of thirteen special and temporary assistants. The energies of the organization were largely devoted to the investigation of the coal deposits of our State, but much attention was also given to our clays, building-stones, lime-burning rocks, soils and other geological resources. Several of the assistants are represented by papers upon subjects which they have specially studied in the field. Professor Calvin contributes an interesting chapter on the "Composition and Origin of Iowa Chalk," which is illustrated by a fine plate showing the shells of the microscopic animals which built up the cretaceous rocks. Dr. Keyes is represented by chapters on the "Work and Scope of the Geological

Survey," "Glacial Scorings in Iowa," "Gypsum Deposits of Iowa," "Geology of Lee County," and "Geology of Des Moines County,". Mr. H. F. Bain writes of his studies of the "Cretaceous Deposits of the Sioux Valley," Mr. W. H. Norton of the "Thickness of Paleozoic Strata of Northeast Iowa," and Mr. C. H. Gordon of "Buried River Channels in Southeast Iowa." While these and other topics are treated from the standpoint of geological science, the various papers are written in a style which will make them highly interesting to the general reader. We regard the work as a very valuable one. The clear and beautiful type from which it was tastefully printed, the large pages and broad margins, and the many fine and graphic illustrations, combine to make the volume a fine specimen of the art of book-making, highly creditable to the Kenyon Press of Des Moines. The book will go into the leading libraries at home and abroad, where it will be sought by all who desire information concerning the geological history and abundant resources of Iowa.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FOR SCHOOLS. By John Fiske, LL. D., with topical analysis, suggestive Questions and Directions for Teachers. By Frank Alpine Hill, Litt. D. Boston, New York, and Chicago, Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1895. For sale by L. B. Abdill, Des Moines Iowa.

While this is a most copiously illustrated history of our country, and mainly intended for the use of schools, it is yet so full and comprehensive, so suggestive of wider fields of investigation and the sources of information, that it may well find a place in every library, public and private, and be read with profit by both the young and old. As a reference hand-book, we know of nothing better. Prof. John Fiske has never put forth a volume, historical or scientific, which will impart so much useful information to so many people.

NOTABLE DEATHS.

ARTHUR HASWELL, who settled in Cass Township, Hamilton county, in 1856, died in Webster City on the 11th day of February last. He was a useful, exemplary man in the early society of that section, active in religious and educational work, genial and kindly in his ways, and honest and upright in his dealings with others. The Golden Rule governed his course throughout his life. In 1862 he enlisted in the 28th Iowa Infantry, serving with credit, not only through, but some months after, the close of, the war for the Union. He was captured at Mansfield, Louisiana, by the Confederates, and spent fourteen months as a prisoner of war at Tyler, Texas. When the writer established *The Freeman* at Webster City, in June, 1857, Mr. Haswell's was one of the first names to be placed upon the subscription list, where we suppose it remained through all these thirty-eight years until his death. He possessed considerable facility as a writer, not only as a voluntary gatherer of neighborhood news, but in the discussion of political, religious, and educational topics. As an enterprising pioneer settler, a

patriotic defender of his country, and a promoter of the highest interests of the community in which he lived, Arthur Haswell deserves to be remembered.

JOSEPH C. GOODSON who died in Dallas county on the 17th of February, was one of the early pioneers in that part of Iowa. He came to the Des Moines valley in 1847, and entered the farm where he spent the remainder of his life. He was born in Tennessee in 1812, and lived to the age of eighty-three. His wife was from Indiana, and taught the first school in Boone township, Dallas county, in their old log house, where church services were also held in early days. Mr. Goodson was a staunch Democrat and in 1852 was chosen to represent Polk, Dallas, Jasper, Boone, Marshall, Hardin, Guthrie, Yell (now Webster), Risley (now Hamilton), and fifteen other unorganized counties of north-western Iowa in the House of the Fourth General Assembly. His colleagues from that district were J. F. Rice and Benjamin Green. Mr. Goodson held several township and county offices at various times in all of which he served with fidelity. He was an active member of the Methodist church during his whole life. G.

GEORGE W. VAN HORN of Muscatine died at his home in that city on the 8th of February. He was born at Springfield, Massachusetts, October 12, 1833. He studied law with Chas. R. Ladd at his New England home when a young man, and came to Muscatine, Iowa, in May, 1855. After admission to the bar he became the partner of Hon. D. C. Cloud, then Attorney General of the State. Mr. Van Horn was an earnest Republican in the early history of that party, and an active advocate of its principles in the Fremont and Lincoln campaigns. Upon the election of Lincoln, Mr. Van Horn was appointed U. S. Consul to Marseilles, France, serving with marked ability until 1866 when he was removed by President Johnson. Upon his return to Iowa he was called by the Republican State Central Committee of Arkansas to take editorial charge of the new state paper just established at Little Rock. In 1870 he returned to Muscatine and began the publication of the *Muscatine Tribune*. Mr. Van Horn had now become an advocate of free trade and "local option" for the liquor traffic, and thus found himself in harmony with the Democratic party. When the daily *News* and *Tribune* were consolidated he was made editor of the combined papers. In 1893 he was appointed postmaster of Muscatine by President Cleveland, which position he held at the time of his death. As a writer and editor he held high rank, winning distinction in literary circles. He was the author of many charming stories and sketches. He was an enthusiastic patron of art, science, and general literature, and one of the promoters of the City Lyceum and the Academy of Science. In religious belief Mr. Van Horn was a Unitarian. In September '1858 he was married to Mary, only daughter of Dr. J. G. Morrow one of the founders of Muscatine. Miss Morrow was the first girl Mr. Van Horn met when he landed from the steamer that carried him to the little frontier village of Muscatine, in May, 1855; and she was said to have been the first native bride in Iowa. G.

JUSTUS CLARK, one of the best known citizens of southern Iowa, died at Los Angeles, California, on the 17th of February. Mr. Clark was born at Royalton, Vermont, March 22, 1819. He was brought up on a farm and never forsook his early occupation. His father bought the Governor Chittenden farm which was the largest in the State, and it is still owned by the Clark family. In his school days, Justus attended the Williston Academy where Chester A. Arthur (the future

President) was a student, and Arthur's father was principal of the Academy. Young Clark came west in May, 1839, the year after Iowa was organized into a Territory, settling at Burlington. In 1842 he purchased a farm near the city, where he took his young wife (a Miss Cartmill) who was also one of the first settlers in Des Moines county. He has held at various times most of the township and county offices. In 1852 he was elected one of the Representatives from Des Moines county to the Legislature, James W. Grimes being one of his colleagues. In 1857 he was again chosen to represent his county in the lower house of the Legislature, and was re-elected in 1859. His colleagues in the Eighth General Assembly from Des Moines county were Judge J. C. Hall and M. W. Robinson in the House and W. F. Coolbaugh in the Senate, all of whom were legislators of unusual prominence. About the year 1876 he removed to a large farm he had purchased in Montgomery county, where he eventually increased his plantation to 3,500 acres, all of which was under fence, and clear of incumbrance. He was for more than forty years one of the best and most successful of Iowa farmers, accumulating a large fortune by intelligent and judicious farm management. Mr. Clark has been President of the Iowa Fine Stock Breeders Association, and Vice President of the National Cattle and Horse Growers Association. He was an extensive traveler, having visited the principal countries of Europe, as well as Alaska, the Pacific states and Mexico at various times, always returning to Iowa with renewed love for the Hawkeye State. Mr. Clark was a life long Democrat, and one of the trusted leaders of his party. In 1883 he was nominated for Lieutenant Governor, with Judge Kinne for Governor; but the Republican majority was too large to be overcome by this unusually strong ticket. During his fifty-five years residence in Iowa, Justus Clark has won and retained the confidence and esteem of the best people of the State. His life was one of great usefulness, and his memory will be revered by thousands of his fellow-citizens.

G.

CAPTAIN ALLEN E. WEBB a veteran of the war of the rebellion, died at his home in Eldora on the 7th of March, nearly sixty years of age. He was a native of Ohio and came to Iowa in 1853, settling at Eldora. At the beginning of the late war Mr. Webb was among the first to enlist as a private in the Union army. Upon the organization of Company A of the 12th Iowa Volunteers, he was chosen first Lieutenant. He was wounded at the battle of Corinth in October, 1862. He was promoted to Captain for meritorious services, and was very popular with his company, always doing his duty bravely. In 1863 his wound became so troublesome that he had to resign his commission and return home. Later he was elected sheriff of Hardin county and held other important offices at various times. He was a gallant soldier, a good citizen, and highly esteemed where he had lived so long and was known so well.

G.

DR. GEORGE H. MCGAVREN of Missouri Valley, died at the home of his daughter on the 16th of January. He was one of the first pioneers in Harrison county, having settled there early in the "50's." He was an eminent physician, and the leading practitioner in that part of western Iowa for more than thirty years. He was chairman of the first board of supervisors of Harrison county, and in 1870 he was its representative in the State Legislature. He left a widow and seven children. The Doctor was widely known throughout western Iowa and highly esteemed.

G.

The death of Judge WILLIAM H. SEEVERS of Oskaloosa, on the 24th of March, removes one of the most eminent of our public men. He was a native of Virginia where he spent his boyhood days. In 1843 his father moved with his family to Mahaska county, Iowa. The next year the son, William H., came to Oskaloosa and entered upon the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1846 and began the practice of his profession at home. In 1848 he was chosen Prosecuting Attorney, and in 1852 he was elected District Judge. In 1857 he was elected to the lower house of the Seventh General Assembly as the representative from the district consisting of Iowa, Poweshiek and Mahaska counties. This was not only the first Legislature which met at Des Moines, then the new capital of the State, but it was the first held after the adoption of the constitution of 1857 which radically changed our organic law.

It became necessary to reorganize our entire system of state government, and provide a new code of civil and criminal practice. The house numbered among its members an unusual array of able and brilliant men, who won high rank in later years as statesmen, jurists and soldiers. Lincoln Clark, a distinguished ex-member of Congress from Dubuque, and the afterwards famous D. A. Mahoney were the acknowledged leaders on the Democratic side. M. V. B. Bennett, of Knoxville, one of the ablest young politicians of the State, Phil Bradley, of Jackson, W. W. Belknap, of Keokuk, G. W. Gray, of Lansing, and Justus Clark, of Burlington, were among the Democratic members. On the Republican side W. H. Seevers was made chairman of the judiciary committee, the post of honor, and of the highest responsibility at that particular time. James F. Wilson, of Fairfield, C. C. Carpenter, of Fort Dodge, George W. McCrary, of Van Buren, John Edwards, of Lucas, Colonel Shelledy, of Jasper, Tom Drummond, of Benton, Ed. Wright, of Cedar, M. M. Trumbull, of Butler, E. E. Cooley, of Winnesheik, were also Republican members of that historic House. William P. Hepburn was its chief clerk.

As chairman of the House Judiciary Committee Judge Seevers at once entered upon the arduous work of giving rigid examination to an unusual number of bills of the highest importance. There was a general understanding among members, that owing to the radical changes made by the new constitution, all important bills should be submitted to the judiciary committee for rigid examination. Judge Seevers gave every bill submitted to his committee the most careful personal consideration, and when a measure proposed had passed that ordeal it was generally conceded that it might be safely enacted into law. As the Seventh General Assembly necessarily had to frame and enact more laws of importance than any of its predecessors or successors, the position held by Judge Seevers was most arduous. His superb legal mind and excellent judgment were here tested, and all must admit that he was equal to the responsibility. Few of the present generation realize the full measure of the important legislation placed upon our statute books by that first General Assembly which convened after the adoption of our present constitution. Its work largely survives on our statute book after the lapse of more than a third of a century. To Judge Seevers and James F. Wilson is due a large measure of credit for the enduring work of that House of 1858. Of the subsequent career of Judge Seevers as Code Commissioner and Judge of the Supreme Court, the press of the State has made appropriate notice. But so far as I have knowledge, no mention has been made of the most important public work of his life, quietly but most ably given in shaping so largely the important legislation of the Seventh General Assembly which has proved so satisfactory and enduring.

B. F. G.



Jos. N. Horst